

# The Sketch



No. 529.—Vol. XLI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

## GARRICK THEATRE.

At the first performance of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play at this theatre last night our dramatic critic was refused admission.

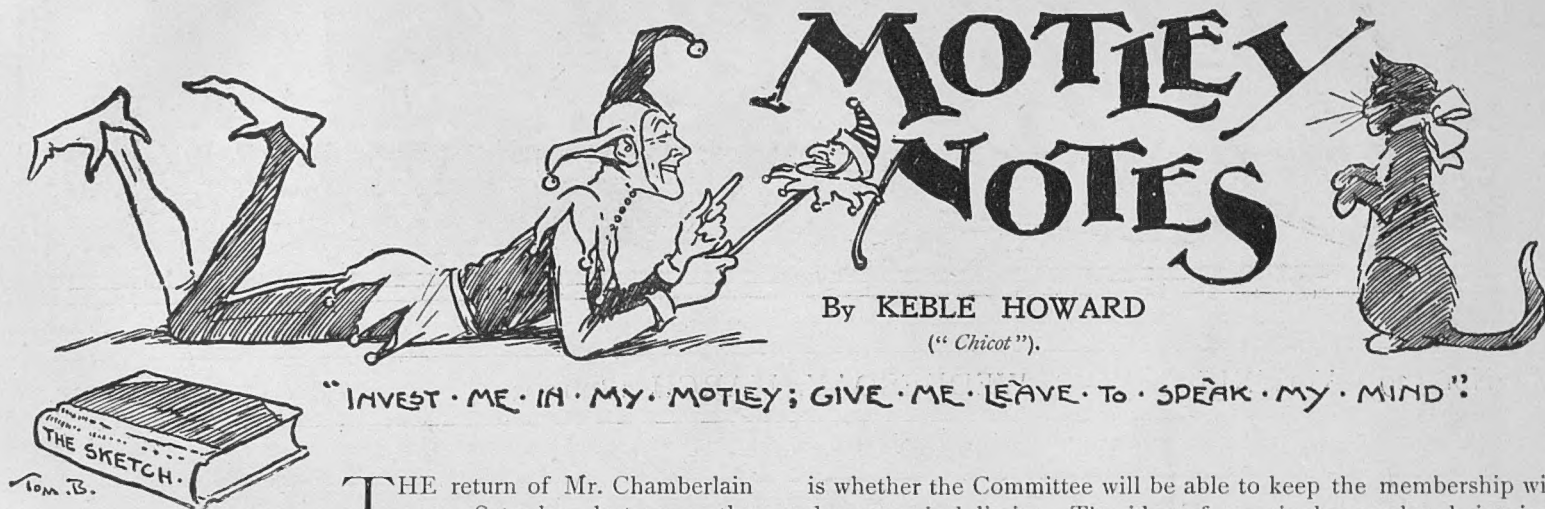
—From the "Times" of March 3, 1903.



MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AT HOME.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.





THE return of Mr. Chamberlain on Saturday last was the signal, happily enough, for an outburst of newspaper humour. Without going out of my way to mention the brilliant effort of the special *Sketch* artist that appears on the opposite page, I may remind you that a very funny cartoon by "F. C. G." adorned the *Westminster Gazette*, that the *Daily Graphic* allowed itself a flippant front-page, and that all the Radical papers became suddenly converted from dry sheets into wet blankets. The penny gossip papers, too, not to be outdone by their bigger brothers, printed fearful and wonderful stories relative to the personal habits of Mr. Chamberlain. The youngest of them, being naturally the perkier, insisted on the fact that the Colonial Secretary never moved about London without a detective. "He follows Mr. Chamberlain to his private residence in town, and, when the Minister goes down to the House, his faithful escort is never more than a few yards behind him." I should like to know what the faithful escort was doing when Joe, the Inimitable and Indomitable, hit his poor nose against the window of a hansom-cab! For my part, I envy the people with sufficient energy to believe everything they see in print. Anyone, I suppose, can believe anything by trying hard enough; the worst of it is that the really successful believer must be possessed of so stupendous an amount of will-power.

According to Dr. Félix Regnault, however, people endowed with a really sound, strong, first-class will can do much more wonderful things than just believe absurdities. In an article on psychical gymnastics, which the learned doctor has written for *La Revue*, it is stated that the strong-willed can control their muscles, quicken or stop the beats of the heart, and even move their ears. All they have to do is to think hard as they are dropping off to sleep. One cannot help admitting that the world at large owes a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Regnault for his discovery. Remember, I pray you, the generations of men who have lived and died since the world began in utter ignorance of the fact that, by thinking hard just as they were dropping off to sleep, they would be able to move their ears. But the doctor has not done with us yet. Some people, he continues, are strongly impressed by visual images, and he cites a case of a hypochondriac whom he cured by advising him to write on the wall of his bedroom every night, with a phosphorescent powder, "I am gay," and to fall asleep with that before his eyes. One can see the picture—the darkened room, the ghostly letters on the wall, and the flaccid hypochondriac, with straining eyeballs, tearing at the counterpane with feverish nails, and assuring himself, hysterically, that he was gay!

Of the many bad habits into which a Londoner is prone to fall, one of the most seductive, I imagine, is the habit of joining Clubs. Up to the present, I am happy to say, I have managed to limit the number of my Clubs very strictly, but I know I shall never be satisfied until I have become a member of the Country Lunch Club. In case any of my readers are not acquainted with the *raison d'être* of this splendid institution, I may mention that the Country Lunch Club has been formed in opposition to the Quick Lunch Counter shortly to be opened in the Strand. The members, who must all be persons of leisurely inclinations, leave their offices shortly after arriving; travel by train to some idyllic spot on the banks of the Thames, lunch quietly and luxuriously, smoke an enormous cigar beneath the shade of the green foliage (when there is any), and finally return to town in time to dress, without undue haste, for dinner. The advantages of such a scheme over the threatened American innovation must be obvious to the most veritable dullard. The only question that arises in my mind

is whether the Committee will be able to keep the membership within due numerical limits. The idea of any single member being jostled or crowded is too horrible to contemplate.

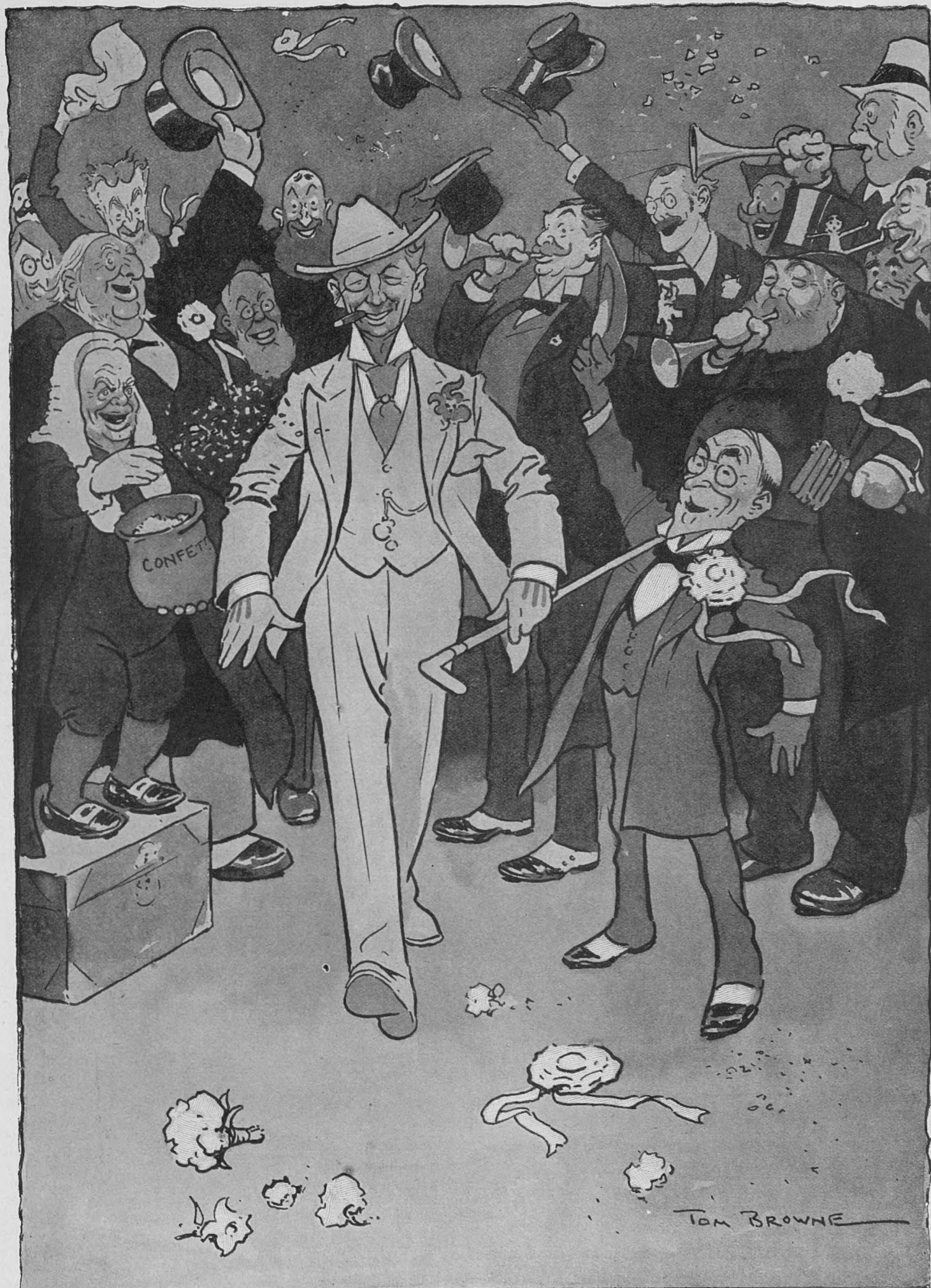
Mrs. C. W. Earle, whose "Third Pot-Pourri" has just been issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., has already established her reputation as a writer of grace and charm as well as an enthusiastic gardener. A touch of pathos is lent to the present volume by the inclusion of "The Last Letters of Captain Sidney Earle, Coldstream Guards," a son of the author who met his death at Modder River. In a few words of preface to the Letters, Mrs. Earle says: "I think he knew quite well as we walked round the garden for the last time that we should never meet again." One recognises, of course, that these Letters are too sacred to be commented upon by the reviewer. For the rest, however, the book is cheerful enough, and full of information that should prove useful to the careful reader. Indeed, one almost stands appalled at the variety and number of the subjects dealt with by the author. Every question seems alike to her, from "Goat's Milk at a London Dairy" to "Garibaldi on Cremation." By the way, it will rather stagger Sir Francis Jeune to learn that, even with the best management in the world, it is impossible to live in the country and keep up a pony, carriage, and groom on an income less than £1640 per annum. Sir Francis, perhaps, will beg to differ from Mrs. Earle's estimate. As a matter of fact, so do I.

A seaside town without a grievance would be as great an anomaly as a cabman without a vocabulary. I read in my morning paper that the people of Folkestone are lashing themselves with self-pity for no better reason, forsooth, than that the air is filled with the music of the cheerful barrel-organ. What sound, I ask you, falls so inspiringly on the idle ear as the sound of the barrel-organ? There is nothing that I love to hear more when I am in my bath, or dressing, or reading the *Daily Mail*. The lilting tunes have such a way with them that they lend a sparkle to the water, a glossiness to the shirt, a literary flavour to the paragraph. When walking along the street, too, I have observed that everybody I meet is affected by the instrument in a similar way. They hold their heads higher; they step out more briskly; their eyes brighten. Really, the more I think of it, the more anxious I become to run down to Folkestone and spend a merry week-end amongst the barrel-organs. My soul, I assure you, is positively thirsting for the melody of that ozone-laden trill.

I have no hesitation in saying that "My Lady Molly," the new comedy-opera produced at Terry's Theatre on Saturday evening last, is the best show of the kind to be seen in London at the present moment. The "book," perhaps, is not so witty as that of "A Princess of Kensington," but the story is better constructed, whilst Mr. Sidney Jones's music is more melodious than that composed by Mr. Edward German, and, at the same time, charmingly orchestrated. Thanks to a lengthy tour in the country, the Company are word and note perfect and play well together. Miss Sybil Arundale and Miss Decima Moore, the two leading ladies, can hold their own with the best of our musical-comedy "stars"; Mr. Richard Green, the well-known baritone, proves himself an ideal hero of light opera; Mr. Walter Hyde, a tenor of exceptional quality, supports him very ably; and Mr. Bert Gilbert is entirely irresistible in the character of a jovial Irish servant. The success of the piece is also due, in a considerable measure, to the talent of Mr. Sidney Ellison, who is responsible for the production. It is easy to predict that "My Lady Molly" will soon have all melody-loving, laughter-loving London at her feet.



THE RETURN OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.



AS SEEN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST — IN HIS SLEEP.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*A Welcome to Chamberlain—The Education of Officers—"Explanations"—A Newspaper on Board Ship.*

THE return of Mr Chamberlain has given men of all parties one subject on which they are thoroughly agreed, and all shades of politicians—High Tory, Whig, Conservative, Liberal-Unionist, Liberal, Imperial Liberal, Fourth Party, and Radical—have joined in welcoming home the man who has so pluckily, so good-naturedly, and so untiringly fought a great peaceful fight for the Empire in South Africa. Mr. Chamberlain, as I have written often enough during his African trip, has raised his mission above the muddy waters of politics, and we all salute him as a statesman who has done admirable service to his Motherland.

The Army came in for much attention and some hard knocks last week, but parents who have boys whom they hope to send into the commissioned ranks know now what examinations they will have to go through and what age they will be when they will be asked to submit to the educational tests. The Navy reformers have lowered the age at which a boy commences his professional training. The Army reformers, going on a different tack, have raised it, and I feel pretty confident that the majority of boys with a leaning to a military life who go to a Public School will go on to the Universities before they join their regiments permanently. By the new scheme, a young man from the University will be twenty-two before he joins his regiment, with the theoretical part of his profession well drummed into his head, but with a very scant knowledge of the practical side of it. No doubt, the new Advisory Board will find some way to smooth out the difficulties which accompany any new scheme, but I can see one rock ahead of Commanding Officers in the future, that they will have under their command two sets of officers—those who have graduated at Sandhurst, who will be thoroughly grounded in the practical side of the art of war and will not have a very great knowledge of military history and strategic theories and military topography; and those who have taken honours in military subjects at the Universities and who will have a Staff College education on all the school side, but will not know more about the practical side of military work than any young officer of Volunteers. No doubt, the Oxford or Cambridge or Dublin man who joins at twenty-two years of age will set to work earnestly to learn his drill and his duties, of which his previous short periods of service attached to a regiment will give him an inkling, but, though the "explanations" are now mercifully not insisted on word for word, he will find some of it very dull work.

The "explanations," the giving letter for letter the detail of all the preliminary drill of a soldier, from the "first position," the turnings, the manual, the firing, and the bayonet exercise, to the more elaborate battalion movements, were the curse of my life when I first joined. If I ever paused to think, I was a lost man, and the only

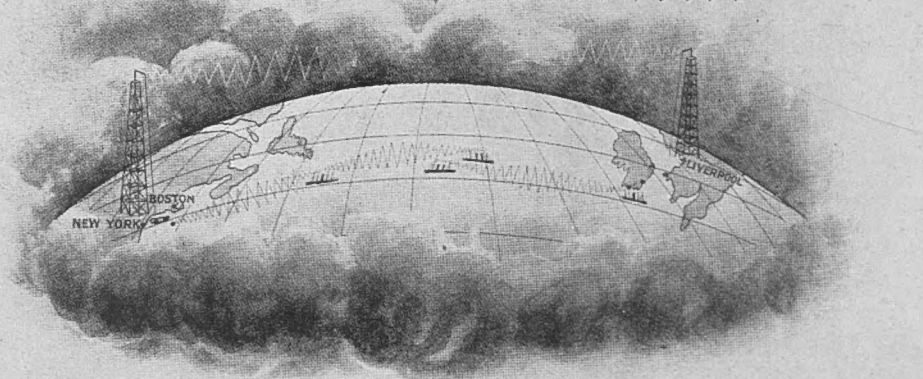
way to learn the dreary rigmarole was to beat it parrot fashion into one's brain, so that "the thumb lightly touching the seam of the trousers," the various angles at which the feet should be placed, the different "firm pressures" applied to the trigger and other portions of the mechanism of the rifle, all flowed out of my mouth breathlessly, without pause or without stops. When I had attained sufficient proficiency to be recommended by the Drill-Sergeant to the Sergeant-Major, by the Sergeant-Major to the Adjutant, by the Adjutant to the Colonel, to "pass my drill," I had achieved the art of speaking at full speed the contents of books which I had trained myself sedulously not to understand, lest any gleam of intelligence might interfere with the mechanical rapidity of delivery. What the wretched recruit who used to stand opposite to me to be lectured at thought of it all, I do not know. He certainly could not have understood the jargon any more than I did.

"B" stands for Boulanger and also for Brodrick, and, just as Boulanger is still remembered by the French private soldier as the man who gave him a knife and fork with which to eat his meals, so Mr. Brodrick will be thanked by future generations of officers as the War Minister who furnished their mess-rooms and their barrack-rooms for them. In years to come, the amount of baggage with which a regiment used to travel will seem quite incredible. The Government paid a large sum for the transport of Mess baggage and officers' baggage, and, in addition to this, the Mess Fund was much depleted and every officer was much out of pocket by each move; indeed, two moves in a year would eat up all the savings of a Mess put by to purchase new table-cloths and new crockery. Like all reforms, and this is really an admirable one, it takes a little time to get into working order, and many regiments have prayed that it should not be brought into force until they next are moved, for they are established in their Mess-rooms in which is their furniture, their own property, and they do not wish to dispose of this and pay rent to Government for the other furniture which the military authorities will put in.

The *Cunard Bulletin*, though but a tiny sheet, is one of the most

curious and interesting newspapers ever published. True, it does not contain much news, but what may, perhaps, be termed its "foreign correspondence" it receives by "Marconigrams." Sometimes these come from shore and sometimes from another vessel. The *Bulletin* I have before me was published on the *Etruria*, and its first page contains a little column of American and English news "transmitted by Messrs. Reuter from London by wire to Browhead Signal Station, and thence by wireless telegraphy to the Cunard ship." The second page is filled with an account of a chess-match played between the Cunard's passengers and those of the *Minnetonka*, the latter ship being some seventy miles away when the game commenced. The first move was made at 3.30 p.m. and the seventy-second move at 10.15 p.m., when the *Etruria* conceded the game to the *Minnetonka*, the response being "Bravo! Good-night." The rest of the little sheet is filled with what may be called "home news," including the number of miles run each day and the programme of an attractive entertainment given on the ship in aid of the Seamen's Charities of Liverpool and New York.

## Cunard Bulletin.



## MARCONIGRAMS.

TRANSMITTED BY MESSRS. REUTER FROM LONDON BY WIRE TO BROWHEAD SIGNAL STATION, AND THENCE BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY TO THE CUNARD SHIP "ETRURIA."

5 p.m., MARCH 7th, 1903.

President Roosevelt opening extra session.

The Senate sanctioned Panama Canal and Cuban Treaties. This action is of far-reaching importance.

President Roosevelt renominated Crum, but opposition to his confirmation is still very strong among the Senators. He has also written a letter expressly concerning his feelings regarding his negro policy, and refuses to alter it although opposed by the Senate.

The most destructive gales known swept over the British Isles on February 28th.

A NEWSPAPER PRINTED ON BOARD SHIP AND SUPPLIED WITH NEWS BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

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## THE LATE DR. BRADLEY: A MEMOIR.

WITHIN the walls of the Abbey he loved so well and over which for one-and-twenty years he presided with such distinction to himself and, as has been universally admitted, with such advantage to its interests, Dr. Bradley sleeps the long sleep, the sleep that indeed

Knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,

after a life which had numbered over eighty-one years.

The son of a clergyman—the Rev. Charles Bradley, Vicar of Glasbury, Breconshire—and for a time Incumbent of St. James's Episcopal Chapel, Clapham, George Granville Bradley came by inheritance, as it were, to the Church, but by way of the Headmastership of a great Public School, like so many other famous divines. From the Clapham Grammar School he went to Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, that great Headmaster, whose influence, no doubt, played a large part in shaping the future career of his pupil. In time, Dr. Bradley became Headmaster of Marlborough, after a brilliant career at University College, Oxford, and as Assistant-Master at Rugby under Dr. Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and, later, under Dr. Goulburn. The magnetic quality of his personality, coupled with the power of obtaining out of each boy the best of which he was capable, was so great that it has been doubted whether any school in twelve years obtained so many distinctions through its pupils as did Marlborough between 1858 and 1870. Indeed, it is not too much to say that during those years the man was greater than the school, in witness whereof an anecdote is told of the late Lord Tennyson. When the time came for the present Lord Tennyson to go to school, instead of sending him to one of the older educational establishments, he was sent to Marlborough. A friend, so the story goes, expressed surprise, whereupon the poet replied, "I have sent him to Bradley, not to Marlborough," or words to that effect.

In 1870, the Mastership of University College, Oxford, being vacant, Dr. Bradley was elected to the office, in which, as in everything else he undertook, he distinguished himself by the thorough performance of its many duties, as well as by the pleasant way in which he smoothed out the inequalities of those whose lot fell on rough places. Although so long a time has passed since he was at Oxford, an incident of his Mastership is still recalled with something more than the memory of a tradition. The Senior Proctor having made himself unpopular, the students determined on taking their revenge in a manner by no means unusual at the Universities. They "screwed in" that worthy official, so that it was impossible for his doors or windows to be opened in the ordinary way, and a carpenter had to be summoned to unscrew him. Naturally, the authorities were scandalised. As Master, it fell to Dr. Bradley to act in the matter. He summoned the whole College, and announced that, unless the offenders voluntarily came forward, or, failing that, unless their names were given up, all the students would go down. Whether the whole College was implicated or whether the

sturdy English resolution not to "peach" on the offenders was the reason for the unanimity displayed on that occasion was never known, but the fact remains that the whole College went down for the rest of the term. The event created a great deal of excitement all over the country, and cartoons are still to be seen in Oxford showing the Master and the teachers watching the long procession of cabs taking the undergraduates to the station on the way to their several homes.

During his Oxford career many honours were conferred on Dr. Bradley, for he was made Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Select Preacher at Oxford, Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Her Majesty, while in the last year of his Mastership he was member of the University Commission.

In 1881 he was made Canon of Worcester, and later in that year, on the death of Dean Stanley, he was appointed to Westminster. He was instrumental in getting an Act passed by which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners granted a large sum of money towards remedying what was then described as "the present insecure condition of the Abbey," practically the first move in the policy by which an annual sum has been devoted for keeping the building in good repair, to the attaining of which end the income of one of the Canonries was suspended.

At all the great events which have taken place within the Abbey during the last twenty-one years, the late Dean, by virtue of his office, naturally officiated. Notable among them were Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee of 1887 and the Coronation of the King last year, in which latter ceremonial no inconsiderable portion fell to his share, and he carried it through without betraying any signs of weakness as did Dr. Temple, who also played so

important a part on that occasion and whom Dean Bradley has so soon followed to the grave. Never was his devotion to the Abbey more lovingly demonstrated than in his attitude when the preparations were being made for that great ceremonial. Although the building had been practically given over to the Officer of Works, the Dean was constantly about to see that no damage was done to the building, round which he was so fond of leading parties of working-men and impressing upon them the interest which surrounded the pile to which, for the time being, he stood, as it were, *in loco parentis*.

No one, it is safe to say, who had the privilege of coming into contact with Dean Bradley will ever forget the slight, almost ascetic figure in the long black coat, the thin face with the calm, bright eyes, the grey, silky hair under the velvet skull-cap, the courteous manner, and the suave, soft voice, which were in such strong contrast with the firm, inflexible quality of the man's mind. It was Dean Bradley's intention to write his Memoirs—what interesting Memoirs they would have been, for he had met most of the notable men of the Victorian Era!—but death may have prevented the carrying out of that purpose. He needs, however, no book of reminiscences to keep his memory alive.



THE LATE DR. BRADLEY.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY: WEST CLOISTERS AND DEANERY.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.



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payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD.,  
198, Strand, London.

## ART NOTES.

THE Twelve Club takes its title from the number of its members,  
a group of highly accomplished ladies, who are, moreover,  
earnest workers. The show that they are holding at the  
Grafton Gallery is small and unpretentious, being modestly entitled  
"Some Sketches by the Twelve Club," yet it includes some brilliant  
work, especially among the water-colours, and special attention is due  
to the atmospheric landscapes, generally with sheep or cattle, produced  
by Miss Jessie Hall, whose refined sense of tone always imparts some  
distinction to her efforts. Miss Clare Bradford, the President of the  
Society, uses water-colour in a fresh and daring way that is the more  
telling by reason of the richness of colour that she gets into her  
country scenes. Miss Maude Kingston also shows some bold work  
that now and then results in a brilliant effect, as, for instance, "Near  
Reigate." Miss Hagarty displays a good deal of cleverness of  
technique, and exhibits, among other work, a pleasing colour arrange-  
ment in representation of "The Tower Bridge" and the characteristic  
shipping of the Thames. A remarkably well-contrived still-life in oils  
is Miss Phillips's "Corner of the Studio," and there is much more that  
deserves admiration.

Many of those who have witnessed Mr. Percy French's clever  
entertainments, deftly illustrated by rapid drawings, will welcome the  
opportunity afforded by his show at the Modern Gallery of appreciating  
his skill in more serious work. A hundred and twenty pictures testify  
to his industry, as well as his capacity for recording cloud effects and  
the moods of the sea, though many other subjects are also represented  
with success, for the exhibition includes much varied landscape scenery  
in Brittany, England, and Ireland. Water-colour is the medium  
employed, and it lends itself well to Mr. French's effects of light and  
atmosphere on land and sea. Visitors should not omit to examine  
the delicate results produced by the use of candle-smoke on porcelain.

The black-and-white work exhibited by the Painter-Etchers and  
Engravers in the Gallery, 5A, Pall Mall East, excellent as much of it  
is, suffers some obscuration through the presence of a group of Paul  
Helleu's brilliant etchings of pretty women. These works, indeed,  
being placed together on one of the end walls, seem to dominate the  
whole Gallery, though, when one comes to look more closely at the  
exhibits, one may be successively charmed by Mr. R. W. Macbeth,  
Mr. W. L. Wyllie, Mr. Herbert Dicksee, and many more. The new  
Academician's "Lunch at a Coursing Meet," with its spirited  
greyhounds, his romantic composition, "Love and Music go Hand-  
in-Hand," and his eighteenth-century "Ballad-Seller," are very  
attractive and successful examples.

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A fascinating book."—NEWCASTLE JOURNAL.

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GOSBOR

# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

**B** RILLIANT and select as was the first Court, held last Friday (13th)—it was mainly a Diplomatic and official gathering—next Friday's function is particularly interesting owing to the number of brides who will then be presented on their marriage, and also owing to the fact that many pretty débutantes will then make their first curtsy to the Sovereign and his beautiful Consort. Among other innovations which have not passed without

comment is that the King and Queen now receive the Company seated, and not, as was the case last year, standing. One decided improvement, especially from the nervous débutante's point of view, is that their Majesties alone are saluted, the rest of the Royal circle, standing far more in the background than was the case at Victorian Drawing-Rooms, being no longer curtsied to each in turn. The Courts are held in the beautiful Ball-room of Buckingham Palace, and, when the stately function is at an end, the Royalties present, headed by their Majesties, go in procession to the Royal Supper-room, the General Company being served in the State Dining-room, the Garter Room, and the Green Drawing-room.

*A Future Beauty?* Miss Jean Dickson-Poynder, the lovely child whose portrait is reproduced here, has inherited beauty from both sides of the house, her mother being one of the prettiest and smartest of Society women, while Sir John Dickson-Poynder is a fine, soldierly-looking man. Little Miss Jean, through her mother, is descended from one of the nation's greatest heroes, the first Lord Napier of Magdala



JEAN, DAUGHTER OF LADY DICKSON-POYNDER.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

Though the Colonial Secretary had so many and important matters to occupy his time and consideration during his South African tour, he yet managed to visit the scene of most of the great fights during the late War. The snapshot herewith, for which I am indebted to a member of the South African Constabulary, was taken on the occasion of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's visit to "Kitchener's Kopje" at Paardeberg, from whence, naturally, a fine view of the scene of the operations which resulted in the capture of Cronjé and his burgher host is obtainable. Major-General Stephenson, whose Division suffered so heavily in the attack, had the privilege of describing the various incidents to the



MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN ON "KITCHENER'S KOPJE,"  
PAARDEBERG.

distinguished travellers. In the distance may be seen Oosfontein, Lord Roberts's Headquarters in the interval between the Paardeberg and Poplar Grove affairs.

## *The Fusiliers' Royal Goat.*

The Welsh Fusiliers must indeed feel honoured by the King's acceptable gift of a splendid goat from the Royal herd. In some ways, His Majesty's action in this respect is significant, as showing that the Sovereign respects the traditional customs of the Army and wishes them kept up and honoured in the observance. Over fifty years ago, Queen Victoria presented the Fusiliers with a Cashmere goat. Its career, though glorious, was short-lived, for it died in the Crimea from the effects of the inclement weather which killed so many gallant soldiers and officers during that eventful campaign.

## *"The Wearing of the Green."*

This is essentially an Irish week, and, thanks in a measure to the pretty and popular Countess of Limerick's Shamrock League, there was much wearing of the green yesterday in London Clubland. Queen Alexandra was one of the first patrons of the Shamrock League, and by a kindly and gracious thought highly characteristic of Her Majesty the Irish Guards were each decorated with the lucky leaf. Her Majesty has always shown marked kindness to the Irish people, and, long before the Irish Industries were as fashionable as they now are, she was a persistent patroness of the lovely laces and rich silks for which "the distressful country" has long been famed.

## *For Sweet Charity's Sake.*

The great social event of this week is the Irish Industries Sale, which opened yesterday (Tuesday) and goes on all to-day at Londonderry House. This sale is always a very smart and even amusing function, especially when it takes place in an historic London house. The leading Irish beauties are pressed into service, and the various stalls often show exhibits of a really high quality; this is, of course, specially true of the lace-stall. Lady Londonderry, who acts as hostess at the Sale this year, has a double connection with Ireland, for, in addition to the fact that Lord Londonderry is a great Irish Peer, he is one of the very few Irishmen who have been Lord-Lieutenants of their own country.



### Royal Amateur Society.

Princess Victoria Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein will open the annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society to-morrow (19th) at Surrey House, Marble Arch, kindly lent by Lady Battersea. On Friday it will be opened by the Duchess of Somerset, and on Saturday by Mrs. Choate. As usual, the exhibition is held in aid of four deserving London charities and is divided into three sections—(1) the general exhibition of works by members and associates of the Society, of which Her Majesty the Queen is President; (2) the Gift Section, consisting of good but inexpensive sketches and studies by well-known artists and amateurs, given to be sold exclusively for the charities; and (3) the Loan Section of Miniatures ancient and modern. Among the latter is a wonderful collection of the works of Andrew and Nathaniel Plimer. Andrew was, of course, the famous pupil and rival of Cosway, and his miniatures are of extraordinary beauty. Viscountess Maitland has organised a show of the best modern miniatures, and among the general exhibits are some very fine enamels by Princess Louise Augusta, and water-colours by her sister, Princess Victoria.

### Cold Fit of Commons.

The economical fit has taken a strong hold of the House of Commons. On the Unionist side the section nicknamed the "Malcolmtents" are persistent in their criticism of the Army policy. They are showing greater cohesion and courage than other politicians had expected. They have a policy, and they include several clever men and able debaters. Their pressure is certain, in course of time, to influence the Government, and meantime they have added to the interest and picturesqueness of Parliament. For years the Unionists have been laughed at by opponents on account of their meek and silent docility. Now, there is as much independence on the one side as on the other.

### Another Promising Debater.

The first Conservative attack on the Secretary for War revealed a brilliant speaker in Mr. Beckett. In opening the second attack, great promise was shown by a younger man, Mr. Ivor Churchill Guest. Mr. Guest, who is only thirty, is the eldest son of Lord Wimborne. His mother was a sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, so that he is a cousin of the aspiring Churchill of the present Fourth Party.

Mr. Guest spoke readily and pithily, with a turn for phrasing and with effective delivery. His success was another proof of the existence of ability among the young Conservative aristocrats.

The Secretary for War is obliged to fight very hard to maintain his official position. On one day he had to repel the attempt made by his independent friends to reduce the Army, and also to defend the action of the War Office with reference to Colonel Kinloch. Lord Hugh Cecil was one of the Conservatives who worried and exasperated him most, and at last he told the noble Lord, in Parliamentary language, to mind his own business. Mr. Brodrick speaks on such occasions with animation, if not with heat. He pitches his voice very high and it vibrates with feeling. Fortunately he is a good fighter, and gives as hard knocks as he receives; but the attacks upon his Department will be repeated again and again by open opponents and disaffected friends.

To-day is the anniversary of the birthday of Her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), who has always been regarded as, if not, as some people maintain, the cleverest of the daughters of Queen Victoria, at all events the most artistic. Indeed, artists themselves—and not those who are impressed by considerations of mere rank—have declared that the Princess's work is worthy serious consideration, for it is technically skilful, and they admit that, had she been born in a less exalted station, she would undoubtedly have made a reputation. It is just ten years since Queen Victoria herself unveiled her own statue, the handiwork of her daughter, which stands in Kensington Gardens—"my dear old home," as Her Majesty called it on that occasion. The Princess has also no inconsiderable skill with the brush.



THE "BAL POWDRÉ" AT DUBLIN CASTLE: THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



## THE "BAL POUDRÉ" AT DUBLIN CASTLE: SOME PRETTY COSTUMES.



LADY CLONBROCK'S DAUGHTERS.

*Dancing in Dublin.* Dublin has not been so gay for many a long year as it is at present, and of the many stately functions which have taken place at the Castle few have compared in sheer splendour with the grand *bal poudré* given recently by Lord and Lady Dudley. The lovely Vice-Queen herself arranged the quadrille entitled "The Court of France," her splendid frock being copied from a famous painting at Versailles. Three well-known beauties, Lady Annesley, Lady de Grey, and Lady Lurgan, all chose



MISS O'FARRELL.

Marie Antoinette costumes, but perhaps the belles of the ball were two sisters, Lady Chesterfield and Miss Gladys Wilson, who resuscitated those famous eighteenth-century beauties the Miss Gunnings. They took part in the "Romney Quadrille," which was organised by Lady Fingall. A pretty notion was that of the "Directoire Quadrille," danced by Lady Dudley's unmarried friends; of these, perhaps the prettiest was the newly engaged Lady Juliet Lowther, whose partner was her fiancé, Mr. Duff. Picture-frocks had a great measure of



MISS GLADYS WILSON.



MISS A. PURDON-COOTE.

*Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.*



success, very delightful being the effect produced by the three Miss Lamberts as "The Ladies Waldegrave," their costumes being, of course, exactly copied from the famous Sir Joshua Reynolds painting of these three lovely sisters.

#### *Tennis on the Riviera.*

Nowhere is fashion more fickle than at Monte Carlo in March. Down to the present the *tir aux pigeons* has been the most favoured resort outside the gaming-rooms, but at the time of writing the claims of lawn-tennis have swept away all others. The big tournament of the season has attracted visitors of every degree, from Princes and Grand Dukes who can scarcely move under the weight of their pedigree, down to the bookmaker who can no longer find sufficient number of pigeons without feathers on the grass plateau before the Casino. The English contingent was in force, and Mr. H. Doherty's victory over the Dutch champion, Heer Beukema, was a very popular one. *On dit*, the Princess Stephanie (Countess Lonyay), who was a fairly regular visitor to the Monte Carlo lawns, is a very good player, and sometimes practises on the Mentone courts, where there is more seclusion, few strangers are to be seen, and Count Lonyay is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Club. Mentone's tournament follows Monte Carlo's, and, although the Club is only in its second year, the prizes offered are worth more than one

#### *"Oom Paul" at Mentone.*

Ex-President Kruger has been visible to Mentone lately. His first excursion, which was a solemn affair, attended by all his staff, to the prehistoric remains near La Mortola, has led him to appreciate the many drives to be had in the neighbourhood of the Villa Jena, and he has been out several times. It is not generally known that Paul Kruger leads a most simple and regular life. An early riser, he is attending to his correspondence long before the postman's morning delivery adds to it; a simple liver, he eats very little meat, and takes it only in the middle of the day. Bread and milk are the chief articles of his diet, and he takes regular exercise in his garden, where he is often watched by inquisitive people on the upper road that leads to the frontier. Soon after nine o'clock he seeks his couch. Needless to say, he is besieged by requests for interviews, some private, some public; but he turns a deaf ear to these applications, and very few people who have no direct business relations with him or his staff have passed the portals of either the villa or its annexe.

#### *Art in New York.*

There is a lot of rude laughter in New York just now at the expense of the Municipal Art Commission. For some time it has been rejecting the designs for statuary of Messrs. Horgan and Slattery, two well-known architects.



THE "CAKE-WALK" CRAZE: SCENE AT A FANCY-DRESS BALL.

hundred pounds, an excellent competition for a young Club with one hundred and fifty members. When Mentone has finished, the Nice Club, parent of all Riviera tennis, will hold its tournament, which many of the great players of Europe will attend. The prizes at Nice are very costly and elaborate and want a lot of winning.

#### *Great Britain and Portugal.*

Although no definite information concerning the King's plans has been given by authorised people, nobody will be surprised if Lisbon is honoured with a visit. Dom Carlos has visited the King, and it will be quite in order for the visit to be returned. Moreover, as I was assured some two years ago by a very high authority indeed, Portugal and England have a big part to play together in the near future, and there has been a lot of ill-feeling and misunderstanding to remove. Happily, Great Britain is popular in Portugal to-day, largely on account of the development of Portuguese sport on British lines. Yachting, tennis, and shooting serve to unite Britons and Portuguese to an extent that is quite remarkable when we remember that, ten years ago, there was hardly any room for Britons in Portuguese Society. I am told by people who know that our late Ambassador to Lisbon, Sir Hugh McDonnell, was largely responsible for the pleasant change. Sir Hugh retired recently, on reaching the age-limit of Diplomatic service, but I am told that Sir Martin Gosselin, his successor, is no less popular. At present, the Lisbon Season is at its height. The Opera is a big success and all the town is entertaining.

The architects, having some suspicion that the Municipal Fathers did not quite know their business, determined to be avenged. They copied designs from St. Peter's in Rome and Diana's Temple at Ephesus, and sent them in. The Municipal Art Commission walked headlong into the trap, and rejected the designs on the ground that they were "inartistic, crude, and unworthy." Really, it is a good thing that Mr. Pierpont Morgan intends to open his ten-million-dollar art collection to the public, even if he does it only to save admission duties. Apropos of American collections, I have been assured quite recently by a distinguished critic that no man could venture to tell the truth about all the American collections and live. There are countless "duffers" in many American collections that have been purchased without proper investigation, copied pictures, faked furniture, and other terrible things like that. When it comes to buying art treasures, the wealthy American, if he has no culture of his own, is in a very bad way. He is far better able to pay than to discriminate, and dealers know where his weakness lies and use the knowledge for their own benefit.

#### *Marconi "Civis Romanus."*

The Communal Council of Rome has decided to offer Signor Marconi, as a proof of their appreciation of his great achievements in the cause of science, the honour of becoming a Roman citizen. The suggestion was first made by the Syndic of Rome, Prince Colonna, and was unanimously accepted.



*The Baroness  
Christine de Linden.*

The Baroness Christine de Linden is the only child of the Baron and Baroness Adhemar de Linden, and has had many opportunities through the hospitality shown by her parents in North Berwick, where they usually pass the autumn, at Hove, where they winter, and in London of exercising a manner natural in charm and kindliness. Herself Austrian, of far-away Dutch extraction, she is, in addition to her own language, proficient in ours, and speaks Italian, French, and German with a knowledge which also includes a fair proportion of the classics of those countries. Lately she figured as bridesmaid to another only child, Sir Henry and Lady Malet's daughter, who last month married Mr. D. Antoniadis. In appearance, Mdlle. de Linden is a brunette, of medium height and pretty, and owes much to a fine pair of dark-blue eyes capable of sentiment, determination, or eloquence. Her training has been most careful.



THE BARONESS CHRISTINE DE LINDEN.

*Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.*

Miss Rosie Campbell is a young actress of great promise who recently played Gertrude in "The Girl from Kay's," at the Apollo. Though known to her own familiar circle by the name of Campbell, her real name is Rosie Chadwick, and as such she appeared in the cast. Owing to



MISS ROSIE CAMPBELL.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

contracting a chill, Miss Campbell was recently compelled to give up her part in "The Girl from Kay's," and she now intends to devote a whole year to study. Educated at the Convent of the Assumption, in

Paris, Miss Campbell is the fortunate possessor of a charming voice and great musical gifts, and her friends confidently predict a brilliant future for her.

*A Rumoured Royal  
Betrothal.*

The Emperor William, I hear from Copenhagen, is going to pay his visit to the King of Denmark with the intention of making the acquaintance of Princess Alexandra of Cumberland. It is suggested that a marriage should be arranged between the young Princess and the Prince Imperial of Germany, and that thus the feud which has existed for so long between the German Emperor and the Duke of Cumberland should be put an end to. The Duke is the rightful heir to the Kingdom of Hanover, and, if the marriage takes place, the questions at issue between the Kaiser, the King of Denmark, and the Duke of Cumberland will all be open to a friendly settlement.

*Napoleon's Bed.*

The bed in which Napoleon died at St. Helena is being offered for sale in Paris. The bedstead is made of brass, and was given by the Emperor to the Count de Montholon, who was with him at St. Helena. It is now the property of the Countess de Montholon, who is the last representative of the family, and, as she is very old and has no one to leave it to, she is now willing to sell it. The Countess also has in her possession a dinner service which belonged to Napoleon. The price asked for the bedstead is £50,000, and it will most probably be secured by one of the American collectors of Napoleonic relics.

*A Deaf-and-  
Dumb Club.*

One of the most curious Clubs in the world exists in Paris. Every member is a deaf-and-dumb mute, and the servants have to possess the same qualification. The President of the Club is a veteran who took part in the wars against the North American Indians, and who is said to have had his tongue cut out by some Indians who took him prisoner. The members of this strange Club communicate with each other by signs, and when they wish to give an order to a servant do it by means of an electrical signalling apparatus which was invented by one of the Clubmen. The Clubhouse is situated in one of the streets close by the Montparnasse Railway Station.

*The Burglar  
as Housemaid.*

Fact, it is well known, often plagiarises from fiction, but seldom has there been a case which has smacked so strongly of the penny novelette as one that recently occurred in Paris. A gentleman and his wife engaged a smart maid-servant, and a few days after the girl had come into the house a detective called and asked to see her. As soon as the girl came into the room, the detective threw himself upon her and seized her by the hair, which came off and showed the close-cropped head of a young man underneath. The supposed maid was a young thief who belonged to a housebreaking gang. It was his plan to get into a house as a servant and to find out where all the valuables were kept. He then took impressions in wax of the keys, and so got possession of the money and jewellery. These he conveyed to his accomplices outside, and, having cleared the house, went off to look for another situation. However, he has been caught at last, and perhaps the police were put on his track by a recent French novel, which deals with the adventures of a rascal of this description.

*The King and  
France.*

It has not yet been definitely settled whether the King will pay a visit to France this spring or not. The French are most anxious that he should do so, and, above all, that he should give President Loubet an interview; but it is possible that, if the King goes to the Mediterranean, he may go round by sea, and not journey across France. I hear from Cherbourg, however, that the King's Continental train has been tried at that port to see if it can run over the lines in the dockyard, and that looks as if there were a chance of the King's landing at Cherbourg and going across France by way of Paris.



MISS NELL RICHARDSON.

As DORA SELBY in "THE TOREADOR" ON TOUR.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



*An Early Portrait of Sir Henry Irving.*

The portrait of Sir Henry Irving, taken some forty years ago (writes Mr. John Hollingshead), represents him as an earnest-looking young man with sharply cut features, but, of course, shows no facial trace of those various and strongly marked characters with whom he has been in ceaseless communion for so many years, and who have left spiritual traces of their natures on a face of surpassing, almost apostolic, dignity. This face is now treated with awe and respect by the best of the later caricaturists. Henry Irving, before his appearance in Bath at the time this portrait was taken, had made two attacks upon the Metropolis, the first at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, in a not very important part in a piece called "Ivy Hall," adapted by John Oxenford from Octave Feuillet's singularly moral French comedy-drama, "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." It was a play that might have been enacted in a Nonconformist Tabernacle, and was afterwards re-adapted for Sothorn at the Haymarket, under the better title of "A Hero of Romance." Henry Irving's second attempt to storm the Capital was made at the St. James's Theatre, then under the joint management of Miss Herbert and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews. It was in a piece called "Hunted Down," adapted from the French by Dion Boucicault, in which Irving played a character called Rawdon Scudamore. He undoubtedly created a very strong impression. He worked hard in the provinces after this, gaining experience, practice, and a repertory. He was not a well-drilled mediocrity who had never heard of pieces which he ought to have had in the hollow of his hand.

I first knew him in Edinburgh, at the old Theatre Royal, under the Wyndhams, in 1859. In the very early 'sixties, I saw him at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in "The Courier of Lyons." He was a member of the Stock Company, and part of his duty was to support "travelling stars." The Duboscq and Lesurques on this occasion was the once famous Harry Webb, one of the two Dromios, and Irving was given the part of Couriol, a character that took the lead in Paris owing to the talent and popularity of its representative. Even then Irving made a striking picture of Couriol, with his English top-boots and his English great-coat (or "redingote") with many capes—fashions imported from England into France at that revolutionary

time, as Great Britain (and Ireland) was then looked upon as the Land of Liberty. At the end of 1869, Irving (who was at Drury Lane Theatre in Boucicault's "Formosa") was induced to join the Gaiety Company and play Mr. Chevenix in Byron's play of "Uncle Dick's Darling." His companions were J. L. Toole, Mr. John Clayton, and



MR. FRED CHEESEWRIGHT,

THE POPULAR BOHEMIAN IN WHOSE HONOUR A TESTIMONIAL MATINÉE WILL BE HELD AT THE COMEDY THEATRE ON TUESDAY NEXT.

Miss Adelaide Neilson. Charles Dickens, who saw the piece later, in 1870—the last piece he witnessed before his lamented death—considered Mr. Chevenix to be a replica of Mr. Dombey, and the piece a shadowgraph of "Doctor Marigold," and had little doubt about the performance establishing Henry Irving as a leading London actor.

*The Cheesewright Matinée.*

Both Mr. F. H. Cheesewright and his deep-bass voice are well-known in Bohemian circles. That voice he is no longer able to use, for serious illness has come to him. In his time he has benefited many charities by getting up entertainments. His friends and members of the theatrical profession have therefore, in acknowledgment of his kindness, decided to give him a testimonial matinée. By kind permission of Messrs. Lewis Waller and Frank Curzon, the Comedy Theatre has been lent on Tuesday, March 24, for this purpose. It will be under the patronage of the Savage Club. The arrangements are in the hands of Messrs. Herbert Budd and Gerald FitzGibbon. A long list of attractions is being provided. Mr. Brandon Thomas and Miss Lottie Venne will be seen in "The Milliner's Bill." In a scene from "The Fatal Card" will be found Mr. Harry Nicholls and Miss Lydia Thompson. A new sketch, called "The M.T.'s," will be given by kind permission of Mr. George Edwardes. It is by Mr. Harry Grattan and Mr. Herbert Clayton, and the music was composed by Mr. Augustus Barratt. Mr. Charles Bertram will introduce a startling novelty, and a representation of a "Savage Club Saturday Night" will also be given. The miscellaneous items are numerous. Miss Ethel Sydney, Miss Gertie Millar, Miss Florence Lloyd, Miss Kate Phillips, Miss Zeffie Tilbury, Messrs. George Grossmith junior, Courtice Pounds, Charles Collette, Franklin Clive, Arthur Oswald, Lionel Brough, Fred Wright, Harrison Hill, and Herbert Thorndyke have all promised to appear. The musical directors will be Messrs. Ernest Buccalossi and Walter Slaughter; the acting-managers, Messrs. Seymour Hodges, Lyston Lyle, and Arthur Lewis; stage-managers, Messrs. Guy Waller and Robb Harwood; and accompanists, Messrs. Walter Hedgcock, Albert Fox, J. W. Ivimey, Seymour Dicker, and Wharton Wells.

*A Lenten Engagement.*

An interesting engagement, and one of the few likely to be announced in Lent, is that of the soldier-Peer, Lord Kensington, to Miss Pilkington. Lord Kensington, in spite of his title, is in no sense a Londoner; he is a Welshman and is the owner of one of the most charming places in Pembrokeshire, and, like the gallant brother whom he succeeded, is a keen and, indeed, a distinguished soldier. Lord Kensington's marriage will probably take place during the Season, and is sure to be a very smart function, the bridegroom's cousin, Miss Sylvia Edwardes, being one of the Queen's favourite Maids-of-Honour.



HENRY IRVING AND FRANK MATTHEWS: TAKEN AT BATH ABOUT 1864, WHEN ON TOUR WITH THE ST. JAMES'S COMPANY.

*Photograph by H. N. King, London.*



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The English Censorship.*

I hear from a prominent railway official that England has at last awakened, and almost with a Russian severity, to the class of French journals and literature in general that enter the country (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Not only are journals sent by post opened and, if on the Index, thrown aside, but the greatest surveillance is observed over books and suspicious-looking letters. The Customs authorities search now equally for anything pornographic as for tobacco and eau-de-Cologne in the luggage, and requests to turn out the pockets are frequent. This is as excellent a move as could be desired in the interests of decency.

*Reserved Railway Seats.*

A system has just been adopted in Paris that shows sound common-sense. If you are travelling to the coast, or on any long express journey, you can buy in town, either at the stations or at Cook's, a numbered ticket as for a theatre. There is an extra shilling to pay, but all the struggle and scrambling is done with. You present your ticket to the attendant, who conducts you to your place politely; and if you get out at a stopping-place, any intruder is quickly expelled by the authorities.

It is a mystery to all how Zola could have died in so financially strained a position that the sale of his art-collection and furniture has become necessary. He entertained only a few friends, he was never seen in a Gambling Club or on the racecourse, as are nearly all his *confidés*, and his life seemed simple even to the point of a slight avarice. But Madame Zola admits that the sale was necessary, particularly in view of his expressed wishes regarding the education of his two children. I went to the Hôtel Drouot for the first day of the sale, when the rooms were packed to suffocation. Considering his unconditional Atheism, it came as a general surprise to see that he had bought all sorts and conditions of religious statues, symbols, and trinkets. Except in rare instances, they were of no value and simply ordinary bric-à-brac. It is kindly to pass over his taste in his picture-collection. It would have made an art-critic shudder, and, in general, suggested the investment of a few louis at one of those travelling auctioneers' with the glories of all ages at a reduced price—and take them away under your arm.

*The Immortals Groan.*

There has been trouble lately that has disturbed the Immortal Forty of the Institute in their academical sleep. In the new dictionary they have only got to the letter "D" after many years' work, and they used the letter as a preface to an expletive when they heard the suggestion of the Metropolitan Railway Company. It proposed to undermine the house, pull down much of it, and, when the line was completed, to rebuild the famous Academy in luxurious style, with lifts and electricity, free, gratis, and for nothing. There was a shudder among centuries of dead Immortals. That shadow still looms; but François Coppée, Jules Lemaitre, and the Comte de Mun are writhing at the prospect of the vacant chair of M. Paris being occupied by Waldeck-Rousseau. Yet this seems more than probable, and then there would be a second Chamber of Deputies in Paris. Fancy the man who liberated Dreyfus, who swept out the religious congregations, finding himself in the company of the tearful Coppée, the fierce Lemaitre,

and the loud-voiced de Mun. It is incredible. The Immortals in a bear-garden is too sadly gay to balance.

*The Divided House.*

It came as a complete surprise when the word was passed round in the theatres that Le Bargy had decided to resign at the Comédie-Française. Le Bargy has literally had the house under his thumb in the recent troubles. To the ladies he was an idol. He was probably the best-dressed man on the stage, and the scarves he wore were of strange, gorgeous, and mysterious confection. He was even offered a heavy fee in America to lecture on how the man should dress. His excuse is that he considers himself underpaid. The Government allows 240,000 francs to the house each year, but the Minister of the Fine Arts keeps back 50,000 francs, which he distributes among the artistes. The principals, such as Mounet-Sully and Coquelin *cadet*, receive a little present of 5000 francs, but the great Le Bargy comes in last with an insignificant 1800 francs. This is the excuse he advances, but the truth, I believe, is that he is anxious to join in management Franck, at the Gymnase, where his wife is a favourite. Mlle. Brandes meanwhile defies the threatened litigation by the Comédie, and will appear with Guitry at the Renaissance this week.



MILLE. LEYRIN, OF THE PARIS ODÉON.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

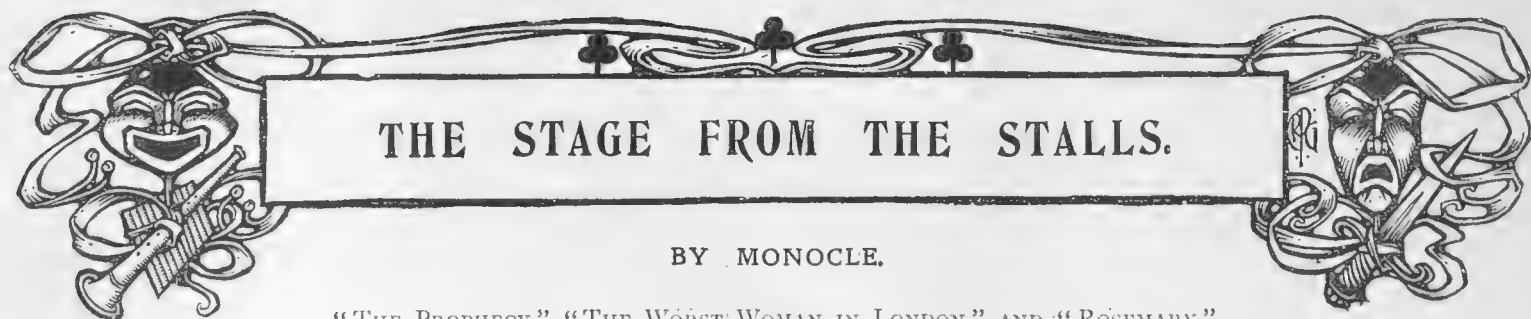
I have seen M. Pierre Decourcelle, so popular in London theatrical circles, and he is very bitter against the accusation made in sundry English journals that his "Werther" for Sarah Bernhardt was the work of Crisafulli, and that he bought it for a song and put his name to it. M. Decourcelle has a well-documented reply. Years ago, Crisafulli went to him and suggested the adaptation of Goethe's work. Crisafulli insisted that his name should not appear, as he was a very old man, and the theme was that of a young man. Crisafulli died; but when Madame Bernhardt accepted the play, Decourcelle's first act was to go to the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques to explain matters, and the widow has only to go to the office to receive her share in the authors' royalties. This seems a very clear answer. I shall not speak long of "Werther," because right from the days of "Lorenzaccio" I have never been able to support Sarah in male attire. She is one of the few that can carry

gorgeous clothes as to the manner born, and the stage seems badly occupied when she is only in Dick Whittington attire. The adaptation is excellent and has been received with enthusiasm.

*The Czar and the Kaiser.*

The two Emperors are expected at no distant date from now in Rome. Great preparations are therefore being made to render the appearance of the city suitable to the occasion. Archways, statues, palms, laurels, myrtle, and similar floral offerings will decorate the main line of their passage to the Quirinal; symbols of poetry, music, sculpture, painting, and the sciences will be present in the customary number, and everything will be done to beautify Italy's Capital. If only the citizens of Rome realised how beautiful their Capital was without these decorations, they would abstain from sticking up statues and what not to "beautify" its appearance. Even the Colosseum does not escape the hands of the decorators; it is constantly lit up with vari-coloured lights to please the populace, and will probably be similarly treated on the arrival of the Emperors of Russia and Germany.





"THE PROPHECY," "THE WORST WOMAN IN LONDON," AND "ROSEMARY."

ONE is bound to take a play like "The Prophecy" seriously, since Mr. Dick Ganthony, the author, has already enjoyed a great success in a different domain of drama, and, as the writer of "A Message from Mars," has given pleasure to thousands. In his new piece now running at the Avenue Theatre there is abundant evidence of good intentions. He has endeavoured to write a dignified poetical drama, with an idea rather than a mere story as its basis, and I should welcome success in such an effort heartily. The greater, then, the regret that one can only speak of a *succès d'estime*—a French term permissible, even during the present just outcry, because we have no real English equivalent. Perhaps, and I hope so, the public will flock to see the gloomy version of the old story of two men and one woman to which the author seeks to give a new aspect. The weakness of the work lies in the fundamental idea, which is unsuited for the stage. In a book it might be valuable, though hard to develop. Take two brothers who, by some freak of nature, which, if you are wise, you will leave quite unexplained, possess only one identity—one "soul" is the word employed by Mr. Ganthony (perhaps one "ego," though I hate the term, is preferable)—and present to us a woman in love with this one ego that has two bodies. Make it clear that your Winelfin, the woman, is really moved by the nobler love, by the successful appeal of the joint ego of the two brothers to the ego of the woman, and, if very clever, you might produce some intensely interesting, strange situations. Probably, even then, the logic of your fable would force you to the proposition that your David and Daniel—"the Lundier twins," as they are called quaintly on the programme—must not be deemed capable of complete simultaneous existence. There is something quite fascinating in this thought of a woman horrified by the idea that she is in love with two men at once, and comforted by the feeling that she is not really dealing with two men, but one man with two bodies. It is obvious that such a novel would have to dwell in psychical rather than physical regions.

When, however, an effort is made to transplant the idea to the simpler, rougher traffic of the stage, it becomes essentially unworkable, and the utmost you can arrive at, unless you are far cleverer than Mr. Ganthony, is a story of one woman loving in somewhat different degrees two brothers, and not loving them in a mere psychological sense, but after the love of woman for man. The fable evaporates, the story takes its place, and the story has an element of absurdity. With the two brothers, different in appearance, and to some extent in character, before us together in the flesh, no illusion about the one joint-soul or ego is possible, and when, just as they are on the point of bloody strife for the one woman, she explains to the two men, each of whom has caressed and kissed her with passionate warmth, that she merely loves this indistinguishable merged identity, patience is sorely tried.

Possibly, something finer and more convincing could have been contrived by having the parts doubled, so that the brothers never appear simultaneously, but then, though we might have remained in a mystical atmosphere, the story would have suffered. The one modern effort at anything of the kind that I recollect was "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which had a success—in one version—on the London stage, but really as a very effective, creepy melodrama, and not at all as a psychological study. I cannot recollect anything more "bogey" than Mr. Mansfield's first entry as Dr. Hyde at the Lyceum, and few things more comical than some of the horrors at the rival version which ran for two or three nights at the Opéra-Comique.

The result of Mr. Ganthony's strenuous, sincere effort to combine the fable and the story was that each rather hurt the other, and though some scenes were powerful, one felt over-oppressed by the idea of a fight between two brothers for one woman, for one woman who loves and was embraced by both. Nor is the machinery of the play judicious. It is a sound working rule that an inadequate explanation is worse than none at all. By setting his piece somewhere in the Middle Ages, Mr. Ganthony gets an explanation of the alleged but not demonstrated strangeness of the Lundier twins, in the fact that they were born during an eclipse, that might have been satisfactory to the people of the play, and would even pass now among the peasants in some parts of the country. This, however, misses the point, for it is we who are to be convinced, and not the people of the play, and we who might easily make-believe to accept his premises without any explanation at all cannot swallow the eclipse explanation. By the way, there is one rather interesting matter connected with the eclipse. It is suggested that the eclipse, supposed to occur at the vital moment of the last Act, has an influence on the characters; in reality, it has not, and one sees that this business is really a survival of some earlier treatment of the fable than the one actually presented. I understand that substantial changes have been

made in the work since it was presented at the Fulham Theatre, when probably the eclipse was really relevant. As a result, one finds with regret that a piece written in dignified style, and showing in particular scenes much ability, fails in its real aim. It has its strong points, and the public seemed to be interested—even thrilled, at times; and the dialogue, if not of truly poetic quality, contained some noteworthy passages in the more human scenes. Of course, in a sense there is an answer to much that I have said by the suggestion that the play is symbolical; but one can hardly insist too strongly on the proposition that symbolism on the stage is no excuse for obscurity or ineffectiveness.

The acting was hardly remarkable. Most of the members of a rather long cast had little to do. Miss Collier in the part of Winelfin showed a praiseworthy desire to be unstagey, and handled some scenes cleverly. At the same time, one feels that she was ill-chosen for a character which ought to suggest a rather diaphanous, ethereal creature, and not a splendid woman full of life and blood. Mr. Lyn Harding, a young actor rapidly coming forward, acted with force and dignity as the one brother, and Mr. Frank Mills not only showed power as the other, but also gave a poetic touch to his work.

From "The Prophecy" to "The Worst Woman in London" is a big jump. One passes from the sincere if not quite fortunate effort to produce a work of art to the successful attempt to provide a popular entertainment which by courtesy may be called drama. Heaps of incident, plenty of blood-and-thunder, reckless defiance of probability, bold contempt for every canon of art, and frank descent to the humblest permissible forms of humour characterise Mr. Melville's work, which, I understand, has been touring profitably for years. It seems rather daring to bring it to the Adelphi, for, whilst "Adelphi drama" is not a term of high esteem, the house so long run by the Gattis has never, so far as I can remember, given anything before of such a crude and elementary character, and it has in its records many works which, compared with this, are as truffles to tripe. However, the play is very funny at times, though to some of the house the main humours are unintentional, and, in a sense, it well repays a visit, because to many people such a work is quite a novelty. It is the kind of transpontine drama the existence of which is hardly believed in by the dwellers in Mayfair. The acting, of course, is rather energetic than subtle, but some is very good in its way, and, indeed, Miss Edith Cole, Miss Oliph Webb, and Messrs. Julian Cross, Frank Lister, Arthur Byron, and Malcolm Dunn well deserved their hearty reception, and Miss Dorothy Drake acted very agreeably as the heroine.

No doubt, playgoers will rejoice in the fact that the past week and Sir Charles Wyndham presented to London a new theatre, called "The New Theatre." To other hands has been given the task of describing the new building, which seems to have been designed and decorated for the entertainment of sentimental comedy, and promises to be a comfortable, small—or comparatively small—playhouse, and is fitted with all the latest improvements. It appears that this is not the only addition to London playhouses contemplated by Sir Charles, but at present nothing specific is announced as to the fourth house associated with the name of the popular comedian. One may reasonably indulge in speculation as to whether this energy in theatre-building will not bring about a reduction in the present inflated rents, which show an advance of about fifty per cent. in quite a few years. It can be said confidently that the recent increase in the cost of play-production has been prejudicial to drama. The theatre was opened by a revival of "Rosemary," the ablest work and most successful of Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, or of either of them, a piece more imbued with the spirit of Dickens than any that I can remember, adaptations included. "Rosemary" has the merit of presenting most of the Company to great advantage. Nothing, I think, in the repertoire of Sir Charles shows his brilliant art better than his performance as Sir Jasper Thorndyke, a part demanding very high technical accomplishment, and represented with the nicest observation of character and a delightful touch of sentiment, even if one must hint that he makes him rather older at the beginning and younger at the end of the play than the circumstances of it demand. Miss Mary Moore, too, is quite at her best in the character of pretty, passionless Miss Dorothy with the ringlets, who suggests perfectly the conventional idea of the maiden of the year when Queen Victoria came to the throne. The stage rarely sees two such rich pieces of character-acting in one play as the Captain Cruickshank of Mr. Bishop and the Professor Jogram of Mr. J. H. Barnes; whilst Miss Carlotta Addison has exactly the style for the part of Mrs. Cruickshank. It is agreeable to see Mr. Harry Paulton again, and one may welcome heartily Miss Waldegrave and Mr. Leslie Faber to the Company.



MISS DELIA MASON, NOW PLAYING IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS,"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

*Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*



## "HIGHBURY": MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AT HOME.

"HIGHBURY," Birmingham, in spite of the fact that it has been described as little more than a suburban villa, may yet claim to be one of the most noted houses in the kingdom, for it is the country home of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and of his popular American wife. As most people are aware, the Colonial Secretary spent a portion of his early life at Highbury, that old-world



"HIGHBURY": THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

*Photograph by the Adelphi Press Agency, Strand.*

suburb of London which forms a part of Islington; accordingly, when Mr. Chamberlain bought the charming little estate in Moor Green which is within about ten minutes' quick driving from the centre of Birmingham, he elected to give it the name of the London district where his happy and busy youth had been spent.

"Highbury," which was built under the personal supervision of its present famous owner, might well claim comparison with many more pretentious dwellings. It is a commodious and, indeed, a beautiful house, the large entrance-hall, which has been the scene of many hospitable gatherings, occupying the whole centre of the mansion, and giving access to the spacious drawing-rooms, Mr. Chamberlain's own study, the dining-room, and, by means of a broad oak staircase, to the upper portion of the house. On the occasions when Mrs. Chamberlain asks the youth and beauty of Birmingham to a dance—and at one time this was quite a frequent occurrence—the hall becomes an admirable ball-room, the more so that the oak floor is actually laid on indiarubber.

Mr. Chamberlain's own special sanctum—a room likely to acquire historic interest in coming years, for it is there that the Colonial Secretary manages to get through a great deal of his heaviest and most responsible work—is a library as well as a work-room. As the master of "Highbury" is a thorough Englishman, and a believer in the virtues of British oak, his study is essentially an oak room, his desk, his table, and his chair being also of that stoutest and toughest of woods. A glance round the book-shelves makes it clear that the great statesman is an ardent historian, for to "Highbury" every historical work of value, be it old or new, ends by finding its way.

Many interesting and beautiful works of art and souvenirs of your host's long and strenuous life are scattered about his roomy and commodious country home. It is easy to see that Mr. Chamberlain has always been an intelligent art-patron. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he does not apparently care for the Old Masters, but at "Highbury" may be seen works of all the leading painters of the last century, particularly beautiful being the unique collection of David Coxes.

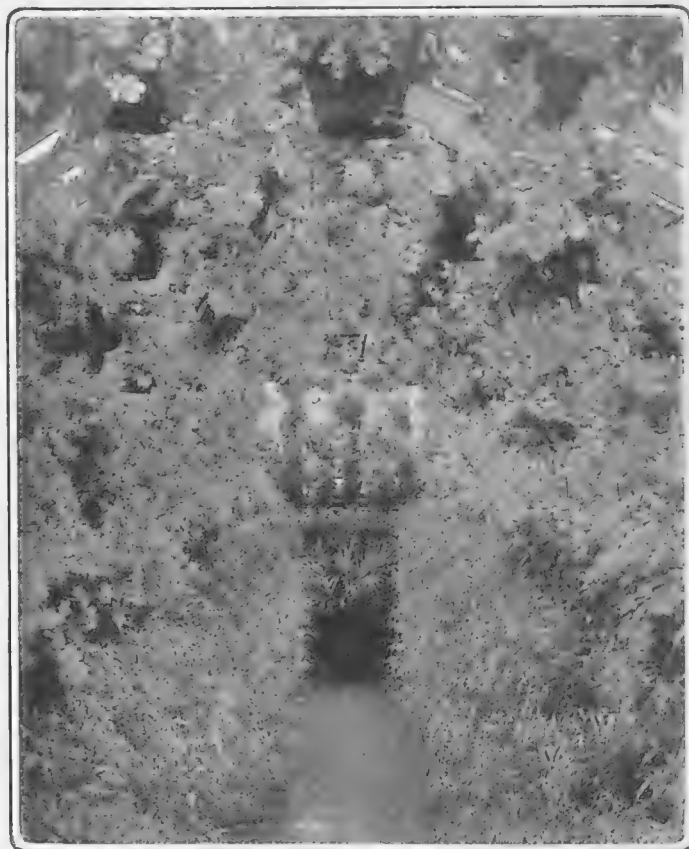
Before entering into the question of the world-famous orchid-houses and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's beautiful gardens—for it is quite a mistake to suppose that the Colonial Secretary cares only for those flowers which are grown under glass—a word may be said concerning the farm, to which the Postmaster-General devotes a good deal of leisure. "Mr. Austen's Dairy Farm," as it is called in

Birmingham, is entirely the creation of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's eldest son. There is luxuriously installed a beautiful herd of Jerseys, and there are few model dairies in the kingdom which can compare with that situated so near to the great city which has reason to be proud of the Chamberlain family.

Of course, those of Mr. Chamberlain's visitors who are paying a first visit to "Highbury" are very much interested in the wonderful conservatories or winter-gardens, which cover a great space of ground and which are actually reached directly from Mrs. Chamberlain's larger drawing-room. The first is a delightful winter-garden; there the Colonial Secretary and his family spend much of their time and often adjourn after dinner. Ten glass-houses are devoted to orchids only, and, according to his head-gardener, Mr. Chamberlain can tell you, without a moment's hesitation, the name and also the distinctive feature of each one of his orchid-plants. With the exception of the beautiful winter-garden, and of the central corridor out of which the conservatories open, each and all of the orchid hot-houses are small, as are also those devoted to the culture of forced roses, of carnations, and of gardenias. Yet another flower in which the master of "Highbury" takes a rather special interest is the begonia, and a stroll with him through the begonia-house is an interesting experience to any of those who pursue the now fashionable hobby of gardening.

The grounds of "Highbury" may almost be said to be equally charming in winter and in summer; when the lake is frozen over, it is an ideal place for skating, and even during the sharpest weather Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his brother enjoy nothing more than a stroll in the park. In summer the gardens are a vision of loveliness, the rosary being, perhaps, the most beautiful in the Midlands and containing every variety of the queen of flowers. Of late some attempt has been made at what is called wild-gardening, and in this also the Colonial Secretary has been as successful as in his other experiments.

No description, however slight, of "Highbury" would be complete without some reference to its charming and popular mistress. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain is passionately devoted to her English home, and there she has gradually brought from her own distant country many mementoes of her girlhood and youth, including a remarkably fine portrait of the greatest of her ancestors, that Governor Endicott who ruled so well and wisely the State of Massachusetts. There are many in Birmingham who remember the very mixed feelings with which was heard the news that the most popular and brilliant of her citizens was about to bring home a Transatlantic bride, but Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain had only to come and be seen to conquer. Her husband's people have very truly become her people, and she seems to be never happier than when entertaining Birmingham worthies in her own and her husband's charming dwelling. The last great gathering of the kind which took place was on the occasion of the marriage of her step-daughter, Miss Ethel Chamberlain, the youngest daughter of the Colonial Secretary, to Mr. Whitmore Richards.



A BEGONIA-HOUSE.

*Photograph by the Adelphi Press Agency, Strand.*

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FROM THE ARTICLE "THE DURBAR."  
*The Smart Set at Delhi: Cobra-feeding before Breakfast.*



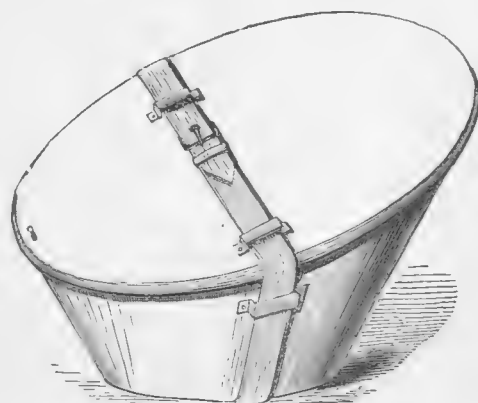
FROM THE ARTICLE "AUTOMOBILISM."  
*Lighthouse as seen from Motor-Car.*



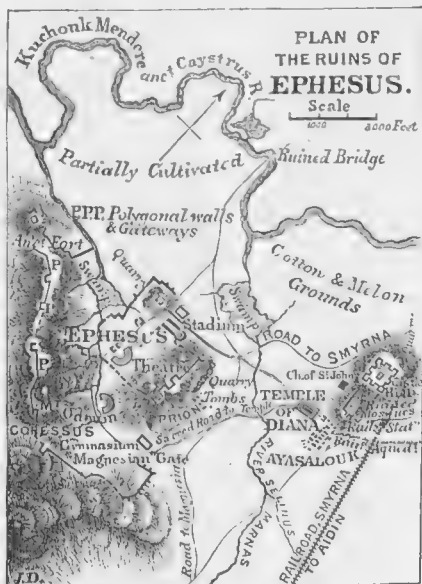
FROM THE ARTICLE "AUTOMOBILISM."  
*Common Object of Roadside: Widow Mourning Husband who has been Run Over.*

SOME "SUPERB PLATES"  
FROM  
"WISDOM WHILE  
YOU WAIT."

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(SEE PAGE 335.)



FROM THE ARTICLE "LUTHER."  
*Luther's Bath Packed for Travelling.*



FROM THE ARTICLE "AUTOMOBILISM."  
*Serviceable Road Map of Ephesus.*



FROM THE ARTICLE "OXFORD."  
*Rhodes Scholar at Home.*



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I WILL state a "hard case" in the ethics of criticism, and endeavour to solve it. A. is a critic, B. is an author. A. does not personally know B., but, in the discharge of his duty, he has to review B.'s books from time to time. He dislikes B.'s books, and frankly says so. B. becomes exceedingly aggrieved, and declares that the criticisms exceed fair limits. It becomes known to A. that this is B.'s opinion. What should A. do? I think he should give over reviewing B.'s books. He may be convinced that he has said nothing from personal motive; but if B. thinks otherwise, and is strongly persuaded that personal motive has somehow or other asserted itself, then, for the sake of the public peace, A. ought to desist.

The recently published "Additional Letters" of Darwin contain some interesting glimpses into journalism. Thus, it turns out that the very able criticisms of Darwin's "Descent of Man" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* were written by Mr. John Morley, who was at that time Editor. Darwin, who did not at first know who the writer was, received them with extraordinary respect and deference. So far as I am aware, there has been no republication of Mr. Morley's later contributions to journalism, though many of them were of great importance. Some of his early articles in the *Saturday Review* were printed under the title "Modern Characteristics," and published by Messrs. Tinsley. Mr. Morley's name was not given to the volume, and it is understood he has no wish to have it revived. But much of his maturer work ought certainly to be preserved.

One of the ablest articles in opposition to the Darwinian theory appeared in the *North British Review*, and was written from the point of a physicist. It turns out that Darwin came to know that the article was by the late Professor P. G. Tait, of Edinburgh. His son arrived at this conclusion through internal evidence. At the time, I understand, the article was approved of by Lord Kelvin and Professor Robertson Smith.

The death of Mr. J. H. Shorthouse had been long expected; indeed, it was greatly feared that he would not live to see the *édition de luxe* of his great book recently published by Messrs. Macmillan. No eminent author of our time was so little known in literary society. For this there was too good a reason. Mr. Shorthouse suffered from a very painful impediment of speech, and he exaggerated its disqualifying effect. Thus he lived very much in the society of his wife, though he had one or two intimate friends among the clergy of the Church of England. Mr. Shorthouse never visited Italy—never even crossed the Channel, so far as I know. He was hardly to be called a great reader, but his favourite books he read over and over again, till his mind was saturated with their spirit. Perhaps the best thing about his style was said by Mr. John Morley, who spoke of its melody and composure. No doubt, "John Inglesant" is the only book of his that will survive, but there are beautiful things scattered in his lesser works, and Mr. Shorthouse repined a little that these

books had not a greater success. When "John Inglesant" was published, an Oxford student embodied his idea of Mary Collet in a drawing, which he sent to Mr. Shorthouse. Mr. Shorthouse highly approved of it, and had a few copies struck off, one of which I am fortunate enough to possess. I should be very glad if any reader could tell me the name of the artist.

Mr. Antony Deane contributes to the *Author* a bright and clever defence of Editors. He points out in a humorous way some of the mistaken tricks of persons who wish to find themselves famous. Among these is the practice of writing fulsome letters to Editors, of appealing for the insertion of articles as a charity, and of proudly claiming to be a writer in certain periodicals. These little ways are all very common and very objectionable, and every Editor knows them. But there

are others equally disagreeable and hurtful. When a writer has an article accepted, he is apt to follow it immediately with a succession of manuscripts. Some show themselves very anxious about the payment. No sooner has their article appeared than they write to say that they are not philanthropists and that they desire a cheque by an early post. Others, again, think that it is a duty of the Editor to explain to them why their contributions are not accepted. If the Editor were weak enough to please them, he would soon find himself involved in an angry correspondence. I may remark also that personal friends of an Editor, if they have good sense and good feeling, will not send him contributions unless he asks them. They may assume that if he wished their contributions he would be glad to say so.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has in preparation a volume of essays. It will be entitled "Ideas of Good and Evil," and will be published by

Mr. A. H. Bullen. He will also publish Volume First of plays for an Irish theatre, under the title "Where there is Nothing." But when will Mr. Yeats give us a volume of lyrics? It is by his lyrics that he will live, distinguished as all his work is.

The most unfriendly notice of De Blowitz which I have seen is published in the *March Macmillan*. It is signed "A Special Correspondent"; under the circumstances, I think it should have borne the author's name. The writer gives very little credit to De Blowitz. He considers that his methods were hardly honourable, that his letters owed far more to a touch of pomposity than to their inherent wisdom, and that on the Continent he was fast losing the confidence of the public. His work, says this writer, was worth very little indeed. This is overdone, and equally exaggerated is the saying, "At no time in our history has the Press arrogated more influence to itself than at present, and, though it is still over-sanguine, the influence which it does possess is wholly bad." No one but a disappointed journalist would say so, and even a disappointed journalist has no right to say about a man recently dead, "Although we part from him without rancour, we fervently hope that we shall not look upon his like again."

O. O.



"CAT'S HEAD," BY MISS MURIEL HUNT.

*From the Royal Amateur Society's Exhibition at Surrey House. (See Page 320.)*

## FIVE NEW BOOKS.

**"WYEMARKE'S MOTHER."**

By EDWARD H. COOPER.  
(Grant Richards. 5s.)

In speaking of a book supposed to be written by a child, it is presumably the unkindest criticism possible to say that it lacks a childish atmosphere, yet this is the case with Mr. Cooper's story. She is but twelve, the little author, but there are pages in the volume which might have been written by a girl of twenty thoroughly *au fait* with London Society. Thus, one or two pretty incidents are spoilt for the reader. Little Wyemarke stands on the stairs in the dark, half in shyness, half in yearning, to obtain a glimpse of her beautiful mother (arrived that day from India), who is about to go down to dinner—not having inquired for or set eyes on her children. When Wyemarke catches sight of her, she suddenly launches into a description of her mother's dress and jewels which would have justified her appointment to the staff of a fashion-paper—and the charm of the episode has vanished. The book is mainly devoted to Kitty and her stubborn ways, which need scarcely have caused so much stir, as is evidenced by the success of the first person of common sense who took her in hand. The visit of Marjorie and Wyemarke to Paris is amusingly handled. From her calm Anglo-Saxon standpoint, Wyemarke finds the French very excitable, and tells of an episode in a restaurant where, an order for Gorgonzola having been mistaken for a defence of Zola, hubbub ensues and half the plates and glass are broken. "Well, you see," says Wyemarke, "to live in a town like that gets rather tiresome after a time." Isolated incidents are distinctly humorous, but, throughout, the pen of the grown-up triumphs most fatally over that of the child.

**"PEARL-MAIDEN."**

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.  
(Longmans. 6s.)

The title of Mr. Rider Haggard's latest novel leads one to expect a romance of the vividly imaginative type so admirably represented by "She." The suggestion, however, is not borne out. Mr. Haggard has chosen a period that has been little used by the fiction-writer, but the same cannot be said of the general outline of his plot and of the majority of the characters necessary to its development. The love of the pagan Roman for the Christian girl and the conversion more or less consequent upon it have already been exploited a number of times, though in justice it must be said that in this case the conversion of the hero is brought about less by love than by the sound teaching of the Bishop Cyril, who visits him when he has been cast into prison by the machinations of his rival, the Jew, Caleb. Nevertheless, it is always evident that the change of belief will take place, as it is always evident that Miriam will eventually marry her Roman lover, Marcus. Caleb, likewise, is the typical rival, though with him, also, convention is partially avoided by the manner of his death. Miriam, the Pearl-Maiden, Nehushta, her protector, Benoni, Ithiel, Gallus, and the rest, are largely creatures of tradition, moving in the traditional grooves. Mr. Rider Haggard, however, is too practised a craftsman to write a dull story. We like him best when he is dealing directly with his heroine's life amongst the Essenes, but his pen-pictures of the siege and fall of Jerusalem are full of life and colour. A good deal of religion is, of necessity, introduced into the narrative, but it is introduced in such a manner that the story, unlike so many others of a similar nature, does not suggest the tract masquerading as romance. Taken as a whole, "Pearl-Maiden" is a pleasing if not particularly powerful novel that will assuredly find many admirers.

**"LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER."**

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.  
(Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.)

It is not too high praise to say that Mrs. Humphry Ward's last book contains all her qualities and none of her defects. Much, of course, there has always been to admire, but now and then she has allowed a certain heaviness of style and matter to mar what would otherwise have been exceptional writing. In this instance, however, she has preserved a most perfect balance, and one would not have a word left out or a word added. Grouped round the brilliant personality of Julie le Breton, whose subtle power dominates the reader even as it dominated her immediate circle, is to be found *le beau monde* of diplomatists, politicians, soldiers, editors—a world which makes an appeal through its very genuineness, and in which every member exhibits a marked individuality, demonstrated even though it be by only a chance word here or there. So admirably and smoothly does the story run along the path mapped out for it that it becomes almost injustice to treat of its theme in a brief review. Julie le Breton is the most human of human beings, with more, perhaps, than the ordinary measure of failings, but, at the same time, she possesses a charm of character which unconsciously raises for her assistance (when her own strength has failed her) the aid of a stronger will even than her own. Given the circumstances of her birth, her environment, her inherited tendencies, her defiance of an unjust fate, it was almost inevitable she should have responded to the call of her

own overmastering passion for Warkworth, and it is few authors who could have saved the situation without risking the accusation of forcing an unnatural conclusion. Mrs. Humphry Ward has been skilful, but, nevertheless, the coincidences in Paris by which Julie is prevented from pursuing her journey are somewhat strained. With an equally sure hand has the author depicted Aileen, "the gossamer girl" whose weakness makes a perfect foil to Julie's confident strength, a strength which, when the two women ultimately meet, tends to friendship rather than to enmity. If one is to be captious, there exists a desire to hear Julie herself "turn a phrase upon a Constable or Romney," or give utterance to some of "those lightest and wisest things" with which she is so constantly credited. A good deal of space is devoted to informing the reader how Julie talked, but surely the greatest art lies in causing the character herself to convey an impression, without any assistance from the teller of the tale. But this is, after all, a small matter compared with the excellent workmanship which raises this book so immeasurably above the average.

**"THE GREY WIG."**

By I. ZANGWILL.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

Like the man in the Hebrew Scriptures, Mr. Zangwill has brought forth from his storehouse things new and old, and one of the ancient pieces of craftsmanship might very well have remained in obscurity. "The Big Bow Mystery," an experiment in detective fiction, is in every way below Mr. Zangwill's form; it is rough-hewn, highly improbable, and entirely lacking in that delicate idealism and spiritual insight which this writer has taught us to expect from him. It may be questioned, indeed, whether he is ever at his best when he is not treating of the Ghetto, and from that theme in the present volume Mr. Zangwill has rigidly abstained. Of course, he has a sure and deft touch in other than Jewish scenes, so that the book contains a great deal that is excellent, and the title-story, "The Grey Wig," yields material for tragic comedy that has certainly been made the most of. Two ancient ladies, strange flotsam of humanity, living out the dregs of life in a French boarding-house, pass from mutual dislike to pathetic *camaraderie*. The bond is the desire to possess a grey wig *convenable* to their years, for their faces have long belied the brown wigs their penury forbids them to discard. They pinch and starve till the money for one wig is saved; then the order is given, both are measured, and Madame Dépène, who had won the preference by lot, secretly instructs the barber to make Madame Valière's wig first. The whole situation is so airy, so delicately balanced between smiles and tears, that one can hardly forgive Mr. Zangwill for the terrible ending. Surely the pathos of the two lives was sufficient for the story, without the awful final scene in the Morgue. The artist, however, must be permitted to know best. The other noteworthy story in the collection is that of "The Serio-comic Governess," a curious study of dual personality. The probabilities are, perhaps, a little strained in a situation which asks us to believe in Eileen O'Keefe, governess, alternating with Nelly O'Neill, "serio-comic" of "the Halls," and never detected, but the whole thing is so ingenious that questioning slumbers during the recital. "The pace," in fact, "is too good to inquire." In his time unities, Mr. Zangwill seems to be a trifle out; the hints of the "early Victorian" scarcely square with "the Halls" of Nelly O'Neill's triumph, for they seem very much like those of to-day. But in such a phantasy time need not count. All the same, we wish Mr. Zangwill a speedy return to Zion.

**"WISDOM WHILE YOU WAIT."**

By "E.V.L." AND "C.L.G."  
(Isbister and Co. 7s.)

"Wisdom While You Wait, being a Foretaste of the Glories of the 'Insidecomplectuar Britanniaware,'" is one of the most genuinely funny books it has ever been my lot to come across. Its title gives a hint of what the reader may expect. A parody of the monumental work which has been so extensively advertised, from cover to cover it is full of wit, while the authors point out with pardonable pride that, "if the entire staff of contributors were placed in a horizontal position, the feet of one touching the head of another, they would extend in unbroken continuity from Denmark Hill to Delhi." The illustrations are delightfully inconsequent, as the selection printed on page 333 will show; many of them are familiar old friends that have done duty under far other descriptions. The "Unsolicited Testimonials," too, are veritable gems. M. Paderewski writes: "Ten volumes of your harmonious work make the most perfect pianofortestool imaginable"; Messrs. Fitter, of Leadenhall Market, say: "The cuts are prime, and no mistake. Nothing in recent literature has affected us more than your noble essay on Cold Storage"; while Mr. George Alexander finds that "Four volumes make a perfect press for trousers." This "Foretaste" is published in paper covers, but a limited edition in boards is being prepared, to be sold at five shillings net.





## FAME.

"'Ere, 'Enrietter, d'yer nah 'oo that covey is?"

"Nah. 'Oo?"

"That's Mister Doolan, wot's on ver Black List!"

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

LONDON STREET STUDIES.

BY EDWARD KING.



VI.—THE HOUR BEFORE DAYBREAK.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## ANITA OF THE PARAISO.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



In the autumn of the Paris Exhibition year, I was leaving the Spanish House in the Rue des Nations, after spending a noisy hour

admiring the tapestries. It had been a noisy hour by reason of the visitors, who included excited Americans, phlegmatic Germans, and Spaniards from the Northern Basque country and from Andalusia, two distinct types whose language had few common sounds. There was a crowd at the door, and, as I paused to make way for two ladies, Felipe Lopez brushed past me with Anita clinging to his arm. She recognised me, and her cheeks, now powder-worn, were tinged for a brief moment with dusky red; she glanced at her husband, gave me a sly nod of recognition that seemed to contain a request that I should not respond to it, and passed into the building. I stood still, momentarily overwhelmed, for it is seven years since I saw Anita of the Paraiso, and then she was the prettiest girl in all Andalusia, or, at least, I thought so. Now she is pale, a trifle *passé*, retaining only the charm of her marvellous eyes, a charm that can never leave her. In the old days, she was content to wear the mantilla of her country with a scarlet flower peeping coquettishly from its folds; at the Exhibition she was wearing a Parisian bonnet and a profusion of jewellery. Felipe has grown fat as well as famous, but he is hardly so attractive as he appeared on the fateful afternoon when—

"Have you forgotten anything, Señor?" said one of the janitors, coming up to me with a profound salute.

I had talked awhile with him an hour earlier and left him a modest token of my regard.

"No, my friend," I said, rousing myself; "I have remembered something instead."

"Vaya con Dios," he replied, and returned to his placé, while I mingled with the huge crowd that filled every nook and corner of the Exhibition; listened to countless orchestras, looked in at a dozen side-shows, and finally gave up in despair the attempt to find amusement. I left the Exhibition, passed through the Rue Royale, scene of many a gay carouse with friends now scattered to the four corners of the earth, and finally reached the Café de la Paix, where I came to anchor. Around me were the absintheurs; the hour was sacred to them, though I doubt whether any of the worshippers at the shrine of the opal god conjured up a braver dream than the one that received from me no further stimulant than a cup of coffee and a cigarette. Paris was shivering slightly in an autumn wind, such an one as sends the brown leaves drifting down the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne out here, and thins the coverts in many a countryside at home. I looked out over the busy street, with its carriages, omnibuses, motor-cars, and cosmopolitan crowd, with its gamins hawking *Le Soir* and *La Patrie*, and saw beyond them all the Paraiso Café outside Sevilla, and heard, instead of the newsboys' cries, the tinkle of guitars and the voice of Anita singing a song of Spain. I do not know how long I sat there: the chance meeting had stirred my memory; as Wendell Holmes says, I had trodden on the embers of an old-passion that had not had time to cool.

If you are young and impressionable, avoid Spain—or, at least, leave Andalusia alone. For myself, I have no excuse for what I have to tell, when I have urged that I was twenty-one and in Sevilla for the first time. I had come from the frowning North to the laughing South and pitched my tent in a modest corner under the shadow of the Cathedral. The beauty of the town, the charm of its people, the air intoxicating as wine, the sense of absolute freedom, the long distance from news and newspapers—all these things combined to delight me as I was never delighted before or since. In the early morning of those enchanted days there was a stroll through the town; during "the hours of fire" I stayed indoors and studied Spanish; in the late afternoon I went on to the Sierpes to hear the young bull-fighters telling strange tales in the café of the Emperadores, or for a ride on the Pasco by the banks of the Guadalquivir, or a stroll to a ventorillo

in the country beyond the town. In the evening there was theatre or opera to visit, and, later, a drive to one of the cafés by the river-side, where joyous supper-parties would watch the night disappear and return to Sevilla when the sereños were announcing the coming of another day. Music, song, and dance under the unclouded eye of heaven, and, before I had been a month in Sevilla, Anita for company—such was my lot. Sometimes in those days I would pause to recognise that the hours were precious—that, in all probability, they were second to none I should ever experience.

The Paraiso lies in the country, past the Gipsy quarter, some short hour's journey from the bridge by the Torre del Oro. "Don Antonio" was the presiding genius for a long time; his wife, son, and daughter shared his labours. A year before I came to Sevilla, the old man had been offered a post in the Commissariat Department in Cuba, where the insurrection was proceeding apace. He had accepted the appointment. Little more than six months later, his only son, Juan, had drawn a bad number and had been sent off to the wars with a large company of boys and young men, heroes in their own despite, who had been conducted by military bands across the Plaza de San Fernando *en route* for Cadiz, where the transports lay. It was rather a forlorn house at the Paraiso at that time, though neither Donna Amelia nor her daughter had any doubt about the result of the war or the safe return of their loved ones; the trouble had yet to assume a serious aspect, and no dream of foreign intervention entered into the minds of Spanish statesmen or soldiers. There were plenty of patrons for the Paraiso Café, and Donna Amelia, her daughter, and two old women, household drudges of the sort frequently met in Spain, found few idle hours. Anita was sixteen, a shy, wild, country girl with a complexion that had the olive-brown tint of a nightingale's egg; a shapely figure; and large, lustrous brown eyes that were made to work havoc among the hearts of men. Some people called her pretty; to me she was always beautiful, and the Paraiso soon became the shrine of my daily pilgrimage. The drovers, the Gipsies, the ganaderos, all the people who came to the Fonda, were very kind, perhaps because I used to order the wine of the country for them, and always had a pocketful of sweets for the babies, and a handful of choice flowers, bought from the vendors who sit outside the Plaza de Toros, for Anita or her mother. By the afternoon they had completed their share of the household work, and would take a glass of *manzanillas* with me and smile indulgently at my broken Spanish. After a week or two, I plucked up courage to invite mother and daughter to see the *zarzuelas* at the theatre, and had driven out to fetch them to a box on the ground tier, which cost me about seven shillings and sixpence in English money.

We supped in Sevilla, and heard midnight pealing from the Giralda Tower before we started the homeward drive. I remember how, when I was returning alone towards the town, the croaking of the bull-frogs in the river-marsh was sweet music, and every sereño with lantern and spear who greeted the passing of the night received my greeting in return and a contribution towards the preservation of his vocal chords. It was a halcyon night; Anita had said some gracious words: perhaps she meant them, and—I was twenty-one. Sometimes I wonder whether others are passing through such days and nights as these were, and whether there are a few enchanted hours to lighten the road of all pilgrims who travel they know not whence nor whither. I hope it may be so, that one and all may place to the credit of their pilgrimage some of the days whose memory makes the blood go faster through the veins.

The garden of the Paraiso was a wonderful place. In old time, money had been lavishly spent on rockery, fern, and statuary; the place had been the hunting-lodge of a noted sportsman. The beginning of the century saw the downfall of his house; Joseph Buonaparte's soldiers burnt what they could not loot, and since then time had worked its will with all things there. The fountain did not work, the fauns and dryads had lost limbs and had become yellow with age, the round pond was almost choked with weeds, and over the time-worn pavilion, the summer-houses, and garden-paths, once so trim and neat, wild-flowers or weeds sprawled at will. In the North, the place would have looked desolate; here, it was simply wild and charming. There were olive-trees, pines, various palms, and a riot of ferns; the flowers had the vivid colour that belongs essentially to Southern Spain and North Africa. Cactus spread rose-coloured and

purple blooms over the walls; there were giant geranium-trees and climbing yellow roses faint with perfume. Over the little arbours where the patrons of the Paraiso drank *vino blanco* or *manzanillas* the vines were trellised, and through the autumn days one could sit enshrined picking the purple grapes. Antonio Morillo was proud of his beautiful garden, but he had spent no money on it, for the most final of all reasons—he had none. The house was his own; indeed, gossip said that, subject to the bar sinister, he was a direct descendant of the Marquis de Morillo whose hunting-lodge the Paraiso had been in past days. His wife left the flower-garden alone; she had seen a scorpion sunning itself on a path one day when she was walking to the sun-dial, and told me that it was owing to the direct interposition of the Holy Mother and all the saints that the scorpion did not destroy her forthwith. For the future, she declared, she would be content with her vegetable-garden, some two acres in extent, where chic-pea, lentils, garlic, onions, and tomatoes grew in profusion and the garden-paths were bordered with pepper-trees, full of flowers or berries according to their sex.

Anita loved the flower-garden. She knew every turning in it, the bush where the nightingales sang, the trees that the doves favoured most, the hedge by the pond where the quails sometimes built their nests. She would wander about the paths where the shade was thickest, and come suddenly from unexpected places, looking for all the world like some wood or mountain nymph who had revolted against the costume that prevailed when Pan reigned in Arcadia and played the storms to rest.

"I never wish to leave this garden," she said to me, gravely, one afternoon. "I will stay here until I am a very old woman, and I will be buried by the side of the big pine-tree."

And then I told her, in very halting Spanish, about Pan and Echo and Syrinx, and of the old-time legends of travellers, hunters, and fisher-folk in Arcadia, and she was vastly interested, and said that Teresa could attend to the wants of Felipe, the young, athletic ganadero, whom I hated with all my heart and with all my soul and with all my might, because he worshipped Anita and would not keep the fact to himself. If he saw us together, he would scowl and sulk and throw the dominoes about recklessly. He was very fond of Matador; in fact, he taught me to play before I found out he was my hated rival, and from that day we stared at each other in wrath and contempt. He bought and sported a navaja, and would take it from its sheath and test its edge with his thumb, while I would take out my revolver and affect to clean it, though, as it had never been used, the attention was superfluous. Donna Amelia was a shrewd woman, and pious withal. She had no anxiety about Anita; she had seen calf-love before, I suppose, and I was a good customer.

On the day following our visit to the comic opera, Anita followed me into the arbour.

"You will see the encierro to-morrow night if you come here," she said; and went on to explain that it was the ceremony of conducting the fighting-bulls to the Plaza de Toros for Sunday's fight. "It will be the fight of the season," she said. "Espartero himself will kill."

I had not seen a bull-fight then, so the news roused me to enthusiasm. "Come to supper with us to-morrow night," suggested Anita. "We will sup in the arbour overlooking the road, where we can see everything."

"I shall be delighted!" I cried; and then, suddenly becoming anxious, added, "You haven't asked Felipe, have you?"

"Stupid boy!" she said, laughing merrily. "Felipe will be with the bulls."

Then she ran away, and I tried, with fair success, to wish that the bulls would settle Felipe once and for all time.

On the following night, I arrived at the Paraiso soon after ten o'clock, and at half-past eleven Donna Amelia, Anita, and I sat down to a truly Spanish supper. We ate thin slices of sausage, and of mutton flavoured with garlic, a vegetable salad, olives, and fruit, and we drank the wine of the country. The wine was quite harmless, but sufficiently strong to make the world more beautiful than it had ever

been before; though it was so late in the season, the nightingales were still in song, and, until Anita took her guitar and sang love-songs to us, I thought their song the sweetest I had ever heard. The sound of her voice attracted some wandering guitarrero, one of the bundles of rags and tatters that tramp through Andalusia, content to make a supper of fruit and have the heather for a bed and stars for a canopy. He came under the pavilion, struck a few notes when Anita finished her third song, and started a popular duet. She joined in, we lowered a flask of wine by a string, and I sent a couple of pesetas after it. Thereupon the unknown gave us a traveller's blessing, and struck across country singing lustily to the night. I sat perfectly still, intoxicated with happiness, and Anita, seeing and understanding, blushed as though I had overwhelmed her with compliments. Half-an-hour passed silently save for the song of the birds in the garden. Then we heard the distant ring of horses'



By special desire, he was to put in bandarils, too.

"ANITA OF THE PARAISO."

[DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.]

hoofs on the hard road, and, a few moments later, a ganadero passed at full gallop, holding a long pole in his right hand.

"He goes to clear the road," whispered Anita, "and warn travellers. Hark, the bulls are coming!"

I listened, and could hear above the fast-receding ring of the iron-shod feet a confused, rumbling murmur that gradually increased, came nearer, and resolved itself into the tramp of horses, the sound of bells, the lowing of oxen, and the bellow of bulls. A curious procession came into sight from the darkness. Half-a-dozen ganaderos on horseback and armed with long poles were followed by some twenty oxen with bells round their necks, and among these tame beasts were six splendid black bulls, heavily built and heavily horned. Close behind the herd came more ganaderos, one of whom raised his sombrero as he passed, dropping the reins to do so.

"That's Felipe," whispered Anita, mischievously, just as though she thought the news would interest me; adding, more mischievously still, "and doesn't he ride beautifully?"

I remembered how he had passed me on the Paseo since we ceased to be friends; how his horse had led mine to a sudden gallop; how I



had all I could do to keep my seat, for my hack had any amount of spirit and I am an indifferent rider; how Felipe had put his hands behind his back and ridden by the help of stirrups alone. I knew he was a fine rider, that he sat a horse as though he were part of it, and I hated him more than ever on that account. Anita's praise of him distressed me deeply, almost threatened the charm of my evening. I think she realised what she had done.

"I was only joking," she said. "Now I'll sing to you again before you go."

She sang, and I forgot Felipe.

"Would you like to see Espartero to-morrow?" I said to Donna Amelia, as I rose to say good-night, and, though the old lady protested that she could not permit me to take so much trouble on her account, I could see she was delighted with the suggestion. So it was arranged that I should fetch the ladies at four o'clock on the following afternoon, and, refusing offer of horse or carriage, I strode happily into Sevilla, past the Bull Ring, where the huge fires, lighted to turn the bulls into their condemned cells, were beginning to die out.

I seemed to tread on air; I felt kindly sorry for Felipe Lopez. Somewhere beneath the Pleiades a star shot through the violet vault of heaven. "Anita," I whispered, remembering how a wise woman had told me that a wish expressed as a star fell was sure of fulfilment.

On the following afternoon, the carriage I had ordered reached the hostelry at half-past three. It was a very good-looking affair for a vehicle hired in the town, and, regardless of expense, I had ordered two horses which were just a shade better than the useful though shapeless animals that do duty in Sevilla's cabs. I had two bouquets of fragrant cloves and orange-blossom for the ladies, and, as I drove out of the town towards the Paraiso, I felt as though I had bought Andalusia. And I never thought about King Solomon; no whisper came to me of the pride that cometh before a fall.

Donna Amelia looked fresh and buxom as usual; Anita was too charming for any description I can offer. What she wore I cannot say—where is the man that has the woman's eye for dress? Suffice it, there was a complete harmony between Anita and her clothes, and, for the rest, I can only recall the mantilla lighted by a scarlet flower, the single-diamond brooch at her throat, the fan in her hand. The officers and *aficionados* on horseback rode past our carriage more often than was necessary, just to catch a glance from her.

Our final passage along the banks of the Guadalquivir to the square outside the Bull Ring was a triumph for Anita, and when the carriage drew up people found time in the uproar and turmoil of the moment to make remarks about her beauty. We made our way through the crowd to the vestibule of the arena, found the letters of our block, and ascended the steps. Our seats, for which I had sent in the early morning, were just above the outer barrier of the arena. I knew no better—I had never seen a corrida—and Donna Amelia and Anita were delighted, though they knew what they would see.

The arena was "ringed round with a flame of fair faces," from the lowest to the highest tiers. Opposite us, in the sun, were the men and women who had waited for hours in unreserved seats, but we had very few moments to wait before a storm of cheers announced the arrival of the Duke of Caragua in the President's box, and the Municipal Band crashed out the Spanish National Anthem. Then, headed by the alguazils on horseback, the glittering cuadrillas arrived for the salute. They retired together, and Cuchillo's company returned and took place.

The band thundered forth once more, the doors of the *toril* were withdrawn, and the first bull rushed headlong from the condemned cell. For a moment I sat spellbound, while the agile capadors led the unwieldy animal after them; then a picador turned his blindfolded horse against the bull, and the great curved horns sank to the hilt in the animal's belly, man and horse going to earth with a crash, the horse between picador and bull. A capador tried to entice the bull away, but could not, and, amid screams of applause, Cuchillo himself made a few rapid passes with his cloak, drew the bull off, slipped past him, and vaulted over the barrier. I hardly saw that; my eyes were fixed on the wounded horse. A man in a blue coat, assisted by a capador, dragged it to its feet. Its gaping wounds I dare not describe. I felt sick and faint. I turned to Anita; she was toying with fan and flowers.

"Don't look so startled," she said, lightly; "these horses are worth nothing. They buy them for twenty pesetas apiece from the tram companies." I looked round. Women and children were applauding violently: the bull had disembowelled a second horse. For the moment, I would have given all I owned to be a mile away; then I sat still, feeling sick and ashamed, and watched the further procedure with a sense of loathing too deep for words. Even Cuchillo's splendid stroke that sent the sword home to the bull's heart could not rouse my interest. I saw only the patches of blood-stained sand from which the dead horses had been dragged by the mules.

To every nation its sport; I would not be critical now as I was then, but in that afternoon I endured the pains of purgatory. Anita spoke; I could not answer except in monosyllables. Espartero killed as he always killed, with a skill and dexterity never rivalled by the finest *diestros* of Spain. The audience, drunk with blood, applauded every stroke, and I sat there feeling more alone than I have felt in the desert miles away from a human habitation. I longed for the hour of my release, when the last bull should have paid the penalty of life; I vowed I would never set foot in a Bull Ring again.

Three times a bull had leapt the outer barrier, passing immediately beneath us, his shoulders decorated with the light lances of the

banderillos, and the men who were in his track had leapt at once in the arena until the barrier drawn back suddenly had forced Toro to return to the ring. These unrehearsed excursions stimulated the unbridled, unblushing passions of the crowd, who shouted "Viva, Toro!" to the hunted animal, while some bolder spirits even reached down between the barriers to tear the lances from his hide. The unredeemed savagery of the scene had completely sickened me; I prayed only for the closing of the corrida. Four were dead, Cuchillo was killing the fifth. He had struck home; the air was torn with shouts—hats, cigars, fans, flowers were cast into the arena. I saw Anita's cloves and orange-blossom, tossed through the air, fall into a patch of red-stained sand—it was horrible!

Only one more, thanks be to Providence; and Espartero was not only to kill, but, by special desire, he was to put in bandarils, too. His cuadrilla was in the ring, and he, the greatest matador of all Iberia, whom the renowned Frascuelo could not have excelled, stood just beneath us—a heavily built, sensual, coarse-handed Spaniard, whose features were quite impassive. He seemed to hear nothing, though echo was tired of shouting his name, and the pigeons on the Giralda Tower were flying in swift circle round their home, too startled to rest. I caught myself looking at him carefully; he fascinated me. I found myself wondering how long it would all last and when his hour would come. It was not far off; within the year he was to die under the bull's horns in the Plaza de Toros of Madrid.

No thought of death came to him now, as he received the first charge of the sixth bull, and baffled it with a skill that drew heavily on tired lungs for fresh enthusiasm. The picadors sacrificed five horses between them; Benito, the first banderillo, put in half a pair; that is to say, one of his lances went home and the other missed. Then Espartero put in two pairs, allowing the bull to charge right up to him, putting in the lances over the blood-dyed horns, and saving himself by a superb twist timed to the tenth part of a second. How the audience rose at him; the Duchess of Carmona, patron of all toreros, threw her bouquet into the arena; he caught it in his outstretched hand, bowed acknowledgments, and gave it to one of the little boys who enter the arena with the mules, to take away to his dressing-room. Then, by permission of the Duke of Caragua, he received a third pair of bandarils from an attendant, and—I can't say quite what happened. In a second the bull had cleared the first barrier, and in less time than it takes to write the words down he was trying to enter the ranks of the spectators, his forefeet on the ledge of the barrier not a yard below me, his head close to mine, his hot breath on my face, his maddened eyes glaring at me, his red-dyed horns caught in the steel rope, and for the moment impeding his progress. I can see it all over again, hear the tumult of the bulls' lungs above the shrieks of the people, see the dull stains on his shoulders. I was faintly conscious of the stampede around me. Why should I be ashamed to say that horror and terror in equal strength held me spellbound? Instinctively my hand fled to the hip-pocket that held my revolver; but I was wearing gloves, the button was stiff. People were shouting on all sides; Municipal Guards, guns in hand, were scrambling over the seats and through the crowds. The bull had one horn free, and then—a *faja*, a bright waist-band, came from somewhere by my side and enveloped the bull's head, covering its eyes. In another moment it had dropped back heavily into the six-foot way, baffled, beaten, helpless.

With a violent effort, unaccompanied by movement, I pulled myself together and realised the truth. Felipe Lopez, who had been sitting only a little way behind, had kept his presence of mind and averted consequences I do not care to contemplate. I looked round. Felipe was bowing in one side of the arena, whither Espartero had summoned him, while Benito and another banderillo were keeping the bull busy with their cloaks at the other end. A moment later, Felipe was back among the audience, and I saw that Donna Amelia and Anita were no longer by my side; they were by the steps leading to the outer corridor and entrance. Felipe was with them.

I followed. We said no word. I held my hand out to Felipe, who at first pretended not to see it; then he took it and let it go as though he were stung. He found our carriage; I offered him a seat, which he accepted with a curt bow. We drove off, and, as we started, the final shout of the afternoon, resolute, shrill, prolonged, announced that Espartero had killed the last bull. Still no word was said.

We reached the Paraiso quickly through roads deserted, and Donna Amelia hurried away to her room, leaving us in the empty hall.

"Señor," said Anita, turning to me and speaking with voice that quivered, "we have escaped by the mercy of the Virgin and the blessed St. José. While we ran away, you stayed and faced the bull, as a gentleman would do; but Felipe vows you were too frightened to move for our protection or your own. Tell him"—she stamped her little foot on the floor and a sudden colour lighted her pale cheeks—"tell him it is a lie, and I will send him away from me."

I looked from one to the other, and out of the open window to the beautiful garden beyond, conscious that I should never see it again.

The whole scene had surged up before me once more; I saw the shambles of the arena and the bouquet of cloves and orange-blossom lying in the blood-stained sand.

"Señorita," I said slowly, and with an effort that seemed to shake me from head to foot, "Felipe speaks the truth, and it is I that must go away. Adios."

As I turned, I saw her sink on to a chair and cover her face in her hands, I saw Felipe's handsome face light up with joy, and—

That afternoon, after seven long years, I met them again, and, when recollection leapt from her brain to her eyes, saw that I was forgiven.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



NOTWITHSTANDING the extensive list of spring and summer plays which I had the honour to announce in *The Sketch* last week, I now find that there are many others to be chronicled. After those two imminent adaptations from the German, namely, "The Man and his Picture" (from a certain play of Sudermann's), due at Mr. Penley's Great Queen Street Theatre to-night (Wednesday), and "Old Heidelberg," which Mr. George Alexander is to produce at the St. James's to-morrow night, many a new dramatic venture may be looked for. These will include Mr. Whitestone's adaptation of Mr. Robert S. Hichens's novel, "The Londoners," which Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald has just arranged to submit at an Apollo Theatre matinée on the 26th inst., instead of to-day, as originally decided. Moreover, according to arrangements still holding good at the moment of writing, Messrs. Harrison and Maude's sometime cherished revival of that now seldom seen old comedy, "The Clandestine Marriage," was still due at the Haymarket at the hour when we were going to press.

And now for certain forthcoming new plays which are *not* adapted from novels. These include Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley's comedy, "The Altar of Friendship," which is now in rehearsal at the Criterion for production by Mr. Paul Arthur towards the end of the month. As regards the latest Criterion play, namely, Mr. Richard Claude Carton's comedy, "A Clean Slate," I understand that this will, ere long, be found touring around the provinces and the suburbs.

Speaking of Mr. Carton reminds me that, some twenty-odd years ago, when he was an actor, I saw him play, and play well, in a comedy called "Imprudence," written by his brother actor and previous Lyceum histrionic associate, Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero; and now I learn that Mr. H. V. Esmond's new play, called by the same name and recently produced in America, may anon be expected in London. Although both Mr. Carton and Mr. Pinero have long since forsworn play-acting, one of the best actors in Mr. Pinero's "Imprudence" might still be available for Mr. Esmond's "Imprudence," and that is Mr. Leonard Boyne—always, of course, provided that Mr. Boyne could be released from his present engagement with Miss Marie Tempest in that highly successful comedy at Wyndham's, namely, "The Marriage of Kitty."

Some time ago, I was the first to announce that Mr. H. V. Esmond's newest play, entitled "Fools of Nature," was about to be produced in America. I have now to add that this play by the brilliant young author-actor has just been copyrighted at the Duke of York's,

in case it should be required for more or less immediate production anywhere.

Speaking of the Duke of York's reminds me that the present great success there, namely, Mr. J. M. Barrie's truly humorous social satire, "The Admirable Crichton," is about to have an American imitator, in name anyway. This anti-Barrie play, as one may say, has been made in America, and is entitled "Admirable Crichton"—without the "the." Of course, this new play may be but another adaptation of the history of the Crichton, or of his very exciting adventures, as set forth by that late astute story-builder, Harrison Ainsworth.

"The Dog-Trainer," Mr. Seymour Hicks informs me, is the name of the new musical play which he has written, with music by Mr. Ivan Caryll. Mr. Hicks states that the play must be produced before the end of August.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Miss Muriel Beaumont, whose engagement is announced, have both made names for themselves in light-comedy parts. At the present moment, they are appearing in "The Admirable Crichton," at the Duke of York's Theatre. Mr. du Maurier, of course, is the son of the late George du Maurier, the celebrated *Punch* artist and the author of "Trilby."

M. Coquelin *ainé* has just been paying a short visit to Rome (writes a correspondent). He was received with perfect ovations on all sides. The house was sold out some days before his arrival in Rome, but his first-night was doomed to be a failure—not through any fault in the acting, but through the non-arrival of that most important and necessary adjunct of all stages, the scenery. All the rank and fashion of Rome were turned away from the doors, disconsolate. In vain did the great actor offer to recite some of his splendid pieces of Molière and other poets to his disappointed audience. The Manager proved obdurate, and the audience had their money returned to them. The next day, M. Coquelin entertained a large number of lovers of literature in the Collegio Romano with a lengthy and very erudite lecture on the comparison between Shakspeare and Molière, a most difficult comparison to draw, but excellently performed by M. Coquelin. Still, for all that, he was not by any means in his element. Reading a previously prepared lecture from a table lit by one electric-light is very different from declaiming before the footlights the best portions of the French poets. M. Coquelin would do well to continue in his old sphere of work and charm his hearers as before by his inimitable acting and enunciation.



Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.]

MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT.



[Photograph by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.]

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.



# KEY-NOTES

MADAME FRICKENHAUS, who customarily indulges in a spring concert at which foregather a great number of her admirers (and rightly so), gave her entertainment this year at the Bechstein Hall a few days ago. She played the pianoforte part in Raff's Sonata for pianoforte and violin, in which Mr. Henry Such took the latter instrument, exceedingly well. She is, indeed, a player who relies entirely upon her own intimate art for her effects, quite outside any melodramatic appeal or exaggerated show of emotion. She essayed work, too, somewhat unknown in the concert-rooms of this country: "Liebeslied" by Joseph Suk, Arensky's "An der Quelle," a Gavotte by Wolstenholme, and a Capriccio by Halfden Cleve. Averaging them up, they may be described as very creditable and engaging compositions, and Madame Frickenhaus did them ample justice. Perhaps the pianist was at her best in Brahms' "Walzer," which she played with admirable go and power. Her Raff-playing, too, was in its way excellent, though one hesitates to say definitely that this is the most classical way of interpreting the Sonata in question. Miss Glee-son White also took part in the concert.

Mr. Herbert Grover gave at the Bechstein Hall, a day or two ago, a vocal recital which included quite a quantity of songs by various English composers. Dr. Cowen was represented by "The Sea hath its Pearls," "Summer's Here," and "A Birthday." His programme was a very various one, Purcell being also represented by "The Knotting Song," and other composers were largely drawn upon in such works as Mr. Edward German's "The Dew upon the Lily," Mr. Gerard Cobb's "To the Unknown Goddess," and Mr. Noel Johnson's "All the Bloom of the Year." The Clara Novello Davies Lady Glee Singers sang in their charming manner various Welsh airs, and other part-songs, for which they have often received so large a measure of applause from enthusiastic audiences at the Queen's Hall; in the part-songs particularly they were excellently good. Mr. Grover, perhaps, was ill-advised to attempt that extremely difficult song from "Hiawatha"—"Onaway, Awake, Beloved"; the work is just a little, as it seems to us, outside what we may call his soaring powers. Still, his concert was an interesting one, and it may be added that Mr. Sidney Brookes played solos for the cello with spirit and success.

The second concert of the present season, given last week at the Queen's Hall by the Philharmonic Society, was notable for its quasi-novelties. One says quasi-novelties, because the list included d'Erlanger's Concerto in D Minor and Major, for violin and orchestra, given for the first time in England, Stanford's "Irish Rhapsody," given for the first time at these concerts, and Mackenzie's Orchestral Suite "London Day by Day," given for the first time in London. Of these, the most important by far was d'Erlanger's Concerto for violin and orchestra, in which Mr. Fritz Kreisler took the solo part. It is a work that only a musician with a very fine technical equipment and with a particularly rich musical inspiration could have written. From the point of view of the mere score, the thing is really a masterpiece of ingenuity; but, in presence of the deserts of the work, this would be indeed faint praise. The end of the first movement in particular contains a quantity of what may be called the charming eccentricities of those who, if they be not actual Masters, are, at all events, rightly ambitious musicians.

To continue the subject. The second movement, though very musicianly and constructed most ingeniously, is not up to the level of the first in spontaneity; nor is either, it may be said, equal to the last movement in respect of ambition and breadth of plan; perhaps that accounts for the fact that the third movement is scarcely so original as the other two, reminding one a little too persistently of the last Act of "Die Walküre." At the same concert, Miss Lydia Nervil sang "À vos Jeux" from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet." She sang it very brilliantly, but it is a song which, for its full effect, really needs stage accessories. Dr. Cowen conducted the concert of which mention has been made with singular felicity and fineness of instinct, securing, among other things, a noble performance of Mozart's G Minor Symphony.

In a third Recital given at St. James's Hall two or three days ago, Mr. Francis Harford (assisted by Miss Nora Clench, who played some violin solos) sang a number of new songs by English musicians, and in doing so proved that he was by no means animated by the spirit which

attempts to restore, under so specious a title, the sickly sentimental ballad of a generation ago. A certain "Idyll" by Cecil Forsyth showed, indeed, an instinct for the composition of songs which, if carefully cultivated, might lead its writer into some very excellent creations of a minor kind.

So Richard Strauss may not be going to New York. There are still, however, some hopes, apart from any permanent engagement, that he may be induced to take up a season at the Metropolitan Opera House, and, indeed, the source from which the present writer received the information which heads this paragraph has not invariably proved to be altogether accurate; but it would be interesting to think of the successor to Wagner's laurels in Germany spreading

himself abroad in the New World. As a conductor, of course, Richard Strauss would not be likely to make any particular splurge in a country which is already intimately acquainted with all the best European conductors; but a series of Richard Strauss Concerts, organised upon a generous scale, in which he should produce the very flower of his genius, should make some little sensation among the American musical critics.

COMMON CHORD.

Signor Mascagni, the young composer of the most popular of modern operas, "Cavalleria Rusticana," has been consoled for his American experiences by the signal honour conferred on him by his Sovereign, the King of Italy. He has many warm friends in this country; indeed, the peculiar charm of his first and most famous work was appreciated in London from the beginning, and has remained a steady favourite with those who consider themselves the special votaries of the Divine Maid.

Signor Tosti might also well claim to be a spoilt child of fortune. If that great Greek thinker was right who declared, "Let me compose the people's songs, I care not who makes their laws," the composer of "For Ever and For Ever," "Good-bye," and "Ask Me No More" might well be regarded as a serious rival by those statesmen who conduct the country's destinies. Signor Tosti, though naturally proud of his Italian birth, is to all intents and purposes an Englishman. He lives in unromantic Marylebone, being a near neighbour of another gifted composer, Signor Albanesi.



SIGNORI TOSTI AND MASCAGNI.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.



Numbering and the Speed-Limit—Dust—Protection from Cold—The Gordon Bennett Race—Up-to-date Hotels—Noiseless Cars.

IF the Legislative Committee of the Royal Automobile Club desire a mandate from the membership to drop their give-and-take proposals, in the way of assenting to the numbering of cars as a sop for the obliteration of the speed-limit from the Statute Book, the tone of the meeting, most effectively voiced as it was by Earl Russell, would surely afford it to them. The speed-limit farce is already wasting itself, and it is absurd to fuss about the abolition of a restrictive law which, as Earl Russell most pertinently phrased it, is frequently infringed by His Majesty the King, were he not above the Law, but is certainly broken by the Prime Minister and other members of the Cabinet, many of the members of both Houses of Parliament, innumerable Justices of the Peace and County Councillors; indeed, each and every person, gentle or simple, who sets out to drive an automobile on the public roads. Every day the automobilist increases in the land, and every day prejudice is dying and the public are growing more tolerant of what they did not understand. The absurd twelve-miles-an-hour limit will be as dead as a door-nail in two years' time, so why go, hat in hand, to an indifferent Legislature and beg for hackney-carriage numbering in exchange for something which is certain to arrive in the efflux of time? It would be a voluntary binding of numerical bonds which would very soon be found to be insupportable.

The pressing necessity for prompt attention to the solution of the dust problem in connection with automobiles has already had attention in these columns, but the demand for some really effective means of saving foot-passengers from the shower-baths of slush thrown up by the heavy tyres of fast cars is no less urgent. When cars are running over roads the surfaces of which are so badly out of repair that the waterstands in puddles immediately after rain, showers of liquid mud are hurled right and left, and obtain such range that the nasty douche reaches the footways of any thirty-foot road. Consequently, ladies have a very bad time, and the complaints of Suburbia particularly hereon are loud and long. When the outgoing suburban roads are in the condition suggested, automobilists who have any respect for the fraternity will be careful to slow down, so that church-going femininity in particular are not outraged in this way. The ruin of a brand-new silk-hat by a shower of rain is a gentle test of temper compared to the desperation provoked by a shower of liquid London mud over a recently purchased Paris confection. Inventors, of which there are enough and to spare, might turn their attention to the design of light guards so set that the mud was cast back upon the road almost as soon as it rose.

In chilly weather the occupants of the front-seat of an open motor-car have a somewhat frigid time of it. The driver, however, generally manages to keep fairly warm, but it is otherwise with his companion. The footboards of automobiles are left quite unprotected from the fierce draughts which sweep round them and which penetrate nearly everything which is sold by the motor-clothing people to withstand them. Why motor-car body-builders do not make side-doors as high, or nearly as high, as the dashboard to close the footboard in on each side is one of those things which, like Lord Dundreary, "no fellah can understand." They do not detract in any way from the appearance of a car, rather, the reverse, and yet they are so seldom seen. A few days since, I saw an automobile which was built not a hundred miles from the Orleans Club, and it was not only fitted with such doors, but was also provided with a shaped leather apron attached to the top of the dashboard, with side-flaps to button over the side-doors, and came well up round the waists of the occupants, being fastened to the back of the seat at three points. The occupants assured me that, so fitted, the front-seat was almost as comfortable in

sharp weather as the tonneau, and that, keeping a volume of warmed air beneath the apron, they never suffered from cold feet, which is generally the lot of all who occupy the front-bench.

I am almost ashamed to return to the subject of the Gordon Bennett race, but, as it is the centre round which all automobilic discussion revolves at the present moment, forgiveness may be extended me. Only the other day, I was informed by one who moves in the inner ring of French *teuf-teufism* that certain of the French cars to be run for the Gordon Bennett Cup will be driven by engines of above 100 horse-power. Now, the competing cars may not weigh more than nineteen hundredweight, so that, in order to get such heavily engined machines within the weight-limit, much clipping and paring has to be done. A good deal of the weight is saved in the frame, and, so long as the sand-papery roads of France only have to be driven over, this can be done with a fair chance of getting through; but when the highways are otherwise—such, indeed, as they proved between the Swiss frontier and Innsbruck last year—then things crumple up as they did with the Chevalier René de Knyff's Panhard when leading and only eighteen miles from the goal. This is what lets up the stiffer

but less ambitiously powered car, and, as the Napiers now nearly completed differ only in detail from last year's crack, we may hope to see them score yet another win for England.

Here and there about the country, hotel-proprietors are found who already realise that automobilists are likely soon to form a very appreciable proportion of their *clientèle*. Some gifted with more than the average catering foresight have already gone to considerable expense in providing special accommodation for the horseless

carriage. Warne's Hotel at Worthing is an example of how the earliest signs of the great revival of pleasure-travel on the King's Highway was discerned by its proprietor. Two years ago this hotel already boasted a spacious and well-built garage, in which are two inspection-pits and an ample switch-board from which either the power-supplying accumulators for electric cars or the ignition accumulators for those which owe their locomotion to petrol can be charged. A well-trained engineer is always in attendance to whom one's car may safely be entrusted. Further, a good car is attached to the establishment, and, should one find oneself *en panne* within twenty miles of Worthing, a wire will bring this *automobile de sauvetage* out with anything necessary to fettle up the lame duck. Well-known members of the Royal Automobile Club are to be found at Worthing every week-end.

Considerable stress is just now being laid upon the necessity of rendering petrol automobiles noiseless, but I much doubt whether an absolutely noiseless car would prove an unmixed blessing to either its owner or the public. The pedestrian, as we have him to-day, has so long been pampered and protected by the law that he usually will, what time his car does not inform him of approaching peril, incontinently step off into the roadway without a turn of the head to right or left to guard his limbs and life. In such case, should the automobilist have his attention drawn in another direction for an instant, the absolutely noiseless car will have bowled over and obliterated the heedless foot-passenger, with every probability of an expensive and serious sequel for the unhappy driver. But if the car heralds its approach in a non-aggressive but none the less certain manner from a reasonable distance, the tympanum of the otherwise heedless footman may vibrate in consonance, to the saving of his life and the car-owner's pocket. Moreover, it is not undesirable that the engine and driving-gear should emit a pleasant but not uncertain note by which their owner may realise that all is going well with them.



FIRST RUN OF THE MOTOR-CYCLING CLUB: THE START FROM HYDE PARK CORNER. THE CLUB RODE TO BRIGHTON IN POURING RAIN. MANY OTHER MEMBERS JOINED THE RIDERS AT PURLEY CORNER AND DURING THE COURSE OF THE RUN.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*The Flat Season—Complete Programmes—Probable Winners.*

SPORTSMEN will welcome the opening of the flat-racing season at Lincoln on Monday. The winter business has been flat, stale, and unprofitable, and I am told that fifteen out of every twenty of the big starting-price bookmakers have been lying low all the winter. The prospects of the coming season under Jockey Club Rules are of the brightest; as His Majesty the King has a lot of useful young horses in training, while the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, and many more members of our old nobility will go in strongly for racing in 1903. The American element will be very apparent, as the Messrs. Keene and Mr. Whitney have several useful animals in training at Newmarket, while it is said Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt will run some horses in England this year. The South African millionaires will patronise our Turf more strongly than usual, and with owners like Sir Blundell Maple, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir Edgar Vincent, Mr. Larnach, and Sir Maurice Fitzgerald still as keen as ever on racing, business should be brisk. The selling races are bound to yield well during the year, as a crop of little owners dealing only in platers has sprung up in our midst of late, to the delight of Clerks of Courses, but to the chagrin of backers who deal in the book only. As I have stated many times before, the three Stewards of the Jockey Club, Lord Falmouth, Mr. Leonard Brassey, and Lord Durham, are real live men, and woe betide the evil-doers who are found out.

The Liverpool Management are to be congratulated on having published the order of running for the first day of the meeting a fortnight beforehand. If it were not for the overnight selling races, this could be done for all meetings, and, if Clerks of Courses consulted the convenience of their clients, they would certainly try to complete their first-day programmes and fix the times for running the races some days before the date of the meeting. The time has come to pay more consideration to the public, who pay stiff prices for admission to Tattersall's Ring, and in this particular I would once more remind the authorities that at some of the Midland meetings enormous entries are obtained, while the fields are comparatively infinitesimal. Something should be done to stop this sort of thing. On the face of it, it would appear as though horses were entered with no intention of their running; but the lengthy programmes, lengthy on paper only, lead the public to expect good sport, which at some places is never forthcoming. Entries got through canvassing should be marked with an asterisk; then we could form

some idea as to the sort of sport to expect. Those owners who enter their horses just to oblige Clerks of Courses or to see what weight the handicapper gives to their animals are enemies to the whole army of racegoers. One more complaint and I have done. Certain owners do not hesitate to send their horses to meetings over and over again without running them. When a theatrical lessee bills a "star" and

the latter fails to appear on the boards, the public get some sort of notification; but when a poor racegoer travels a hundred miles to back a good thing and the latter does not run, the Clerk of the Course remains "silently dumb."

The ante-post betting on the Lincoln Handicap has been of the mildest possible character. In these days of enterprise, owners do not care to back their horses until the day of the race, when bookmakers are sufficiently bold to trade with other people's money. It is a relief to know that Sceptre is a certain runner for the Lincoln Handicap. If fit and well on the day, she ought to win comfortably on her last year's form alone, as I think the handicapper has dealt leniently with Mr. Sievier's smart mare. Of the Newmarket candidates, I like Handicapper the best. He is said to have returned to his three-year-old form, and, if that is so, he must go very close. Many of the shrewdest backers on the Turf think that Mauvezin cannot be beaten. I don't think I ever saw an easier win at Goodwood than the victory of Mauvezin for the Stewards' Cup last year, but it should be borne in mind that the distance was only six furlongs and the Lincoln mile does not commence downhill. It is whispered that Tod Sloan thinks the race a good thing for Mauvezin, but Sloan has before now been a very little bit out in his judgment. Take the cases of Codoman, Nabot, and St. Cloud II. for the Cambridgeshire. I shall with more than the usual confidence select Sceptre to win the Lincoln Handicap, and I hope also to see

Handicapper finish in the first three. For the Brocklesby Stakes I have been unable to find anything to beat Catgut. The Grand National may, I am told, be won by Detail or Drumcree, and it is said that The Bishop is a good thing for the Liverpool Spring Cup. This horse belongs to Sir Blundell Maple. It must not be overlooked that the Hon. G. Lambton is always dangerous at Liverpool, and it may be that his eleventh-hour candidate will take a lot of beating. The jockeys to follow in the early weeks of the season will be Maher, Martin, Lane, and Watts, and the successful trainers may be Darling, Watson, and W. Waugh.



HIS MAJESTY'S AMBUSH II.



MAJOR EUSTACE LODER'S MARPESSA.

TWO PROBABLE STARTERS FOR THE LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL.

CAPTAIN COE.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SO far from the ordinary intractability with which March is classically credited, rude Boreas has behaved quite nicely of late, more especially in the matter of race-fixtures, while on the two past Fridays—Sandown and Kempton, to wit—we have been appropriately treated to quite Royal weather. Most of the usual racing



AN EVENING-CLOAK OF SOFT WHITE CLOTH. [Copyright.]

lot, including Lord Buchan, Lord Rendlesham, and Lord Cholmondeley, were to be seen on the charming little garden-lawn at Kempton last week-end, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who have gone to Monte Carlo, being notable absentees. The attendance was, in fact, quite a record one, and fine weather brought out fine frocks *sans dire*, of which there was a great display. The useful *trotteuse* gown was not in frequent evidence, but a few pioneers who had adopted it looked extremely well-dressed without being either very decorative or, on the other hand, too workmanlike. Of those gay and ornamental spring-coats which, rendered in pale fawns and creams, are so fascinating, one met many; and there is no doubt that, though not very suitable to our smutty atmosphere, we shall see them all around and about as the Season grows—that is, if the prices do not wax too “popular,” and therefore multitudinous.

How amused people who come into prominence, socially or otherwise, and therefore the property of sensation-mongers, must sometimes feel at the statements set down about them in print! One usually well-informed journal, for instance, enjoins all and sundry to believe that Lady Dudley “sleeps in her ropes of pearls, to preserve their sheen.” That ancient superstition has long been dispelled, by the way, as experts have repeatedly announced that continual contact with dampness given off by the skin is as injurious as warm sea-water is beneficial to these especial gems. Also, Lady Dudley, to any one who knows her, is the last woman living to carry vanity to such uncomfortable lengths. Early transferred from the care of her mother—then Mrs. Gurney—to that of Adeline, Duchess of Bedford,

her upbringing was all that could possibly be of the best and simplest, and all that best and simplest remains in her life to-day. Both Lady Dudley and her clever play-writing sister, Lady Troubridge, have always been much attached to their mother, now Mrs. Stracey, whose interesting personality was once much before Londoners, when she stage-managed Madame Elise’s—otherwise Mrs. Wootton Isaacson’s—well-known salon in Regent Street. “The Dudleys,” a friend writes me from Dublin, “are really popular with us over here, not with a mere newspaper and intimate-circle popularity, but are genuinely liked for themselves”—which is good as coming from an independent opinion and only to be expected by those familiar with the personality of both.

Apropos of pearls, with which these foregoing remarks began, the Parisian Diamond Company, which first solved the problem of absolute reproduction—to the great gratification and adornment of this generation—has brought out a number of new devices and designs for the worthy exploitation of their famous gems this season. A visitor to any of their well-known establishments in Regent Street, Bond Street, or Burlington Arcadia will inevitably find herself asking the question: “Why pay five thousand pounds for ‘a rope’ when I can attain its exact and actual counterpart for from five to ten pounds sterling?” So marvellously true to Nature are the weight, lustre, and sheen of the Parisian Diamond Company’s exhibits.

Lent in London has lost all its significance nowadays, and no greater proof of that can be gained than by comparing the daily record of events day by day with those of even as recent a period as forty years ago. It is difficult to realise in our heedless pursuit of pleasure



A SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE WALKING-COSTUME. [Copyright.]

that in the early ‘sixties a Member of the House was hooted back into his seat for attempting the suggestion that one or two theatres should be allowed to remain open in Lent.

“Nous avons changé” with a vengeance indeed! A glance at the social fixtures of the last and next few weeks, as compared with the

written annals of those other seasons, will indicate more clearly than any argument how the times and manners and religious feeling of this country have changed. From the trader's point of view, the new departure is naturally for the best. Instead of "forty days and forty nights" of penitential observance or abstinence, we find a series of balls, dinners, junketings, and receptions on every side, all of which bring grist to the mill of the sorely tried citizen of London. Still, to the New Zealander on London Bridge these signs of the times will doubtless cause interesting inferences.

Coming down to matters that are more of the moment, I am daily reminded by the ladders and paint-pots of the British workmen that spring-cleaning is in the air, both inside and out. Soon, if the course of the calendar be normal, we shall be able to abandon

fires and exchange winter window-drapes for the airy-fairy graces of white frills and fragrant flowers at our casements. In which connection it should be useful to remark that for all sorts of cleaning, restoring, and dyeing, Campbell's, of Perth, are *par excellence* the people to employ. They have a process which gives resistance to dust in all materials on which it is employed. Of men's clothes they also make a *spécialité*, restoring faded and soiled cloths and tweeds to their original freshness. Campbell's also issue a handy book of prices and particulars, which can be had on application. It would be a very *vade mecum* to the housewife at all seasons, but especially the present.

SYBIL.



BRONZE BUST OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Of special interest at the moment is a bronze bust of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, of which an

illustration is given, and which has just been completed by Elkington and Co., Limited, of 22, Regent Street, London. It is a striking likeness, the artist having succeeded in catching the resolute and determined features in a very happy manner.

Miss Marjorie Richardson and Miss Hill Rivington announce a Pianoforte and Violin Recital, assisted by Miss Geraldina Damon, at Bechstein Hall, Thursday evening, March 26.

Having regard to the alarming growth of the practice of substituting imitation makes of various goods which have been rendered popular by the enterprise of the proprietors concerned, the recent decision of Mr. Justice Swinfen-Eady, in the action brought by Messrs. Kodak, Limited, against various photographic manufacturers and wholesale dealers, will be specially interesting and important to the public at large. The success of the Kodak Company will probably encourage other manufacturers in their efforts to check the reprehensible practice of substitution, and this case will further enlighten the public as to the great extent to which such practice obtains.

The inconvenience of the ordinary watch for the fashionable man's use has long been evident, more especially when he is in evening-dress. Mr. Hamilton, of 202, Regent Street, has therefore made a series of experiments, and, as a result of these, has produced a gentleman's keyless watch with works not thicker than a five-shilling piece, enclosed in a gold case. The "Hamilton" watch has been exactly constructed in accordance with the theory of watchmaking, and has passed every test imposed at observatories with great success. This wonderful watch may now be seen at the show-rooms in Regent Street, together with chronometers, repeaters, and hunters on similar lines. There also may be seen the "Hamilton" lady's watch, the works of which are the thickness of half-a-crown, enclosed in gold case. The "Hamilton" watch is keyless, and, considering the delicacy of workmanship and finish, is placed before the public at a very moderate figure.

An eccentric will story is being unfolded before the Bavarian Courts. A few years ago a rich old bachelor died, leaving instructions that his will was not to be opened until the fifth anniversary of his death. A short while ago the momentous day arrived, and the will was found to contain provisions calculated to make the deceased laugh in his grave. He had left ten thousand pounds apiece conditionally to his two nieces, both of whom are married to officials of superior rank and have families. The condition is that the ladies shall take service as maid-of-all-work in honest *bourgeois* families. If, at the end of a year's service, they can produce testimonials of good character, the legacies are to be paid out to them; if not, the money is to be devoted to charitable institutions. One of the ladies has already accepted a situation as a "general," but the other is contesting the sanity of the testator before the Bavarian Courts. There are not many "general servants" who labour for ten thousand pounds a-year.

## A STRANGE REHEARSAL

EVERY State Ball in Berlin is preceded by a rehearsal. These rehearsals usually take place in the ball-room of the Kaiserhof Hotel. Prior to the last ball of the season, the leaders of the dancing assembled at the appointed place; but they found that the band of the Guards, which was to perform on the occasion of the ball, had failed to appear. A blunder had been committed and a wrong date supplied to the bandmaster. That official was hastily summoned. The scene was a curious one. More than a hundred noble pairs assembled to rehearse the dances had no music to dance to. Seizing a solitary violin, the bandmaster commenced playing alone in the vast hall. The dancing started merrily. Soon the bandmaster was joined by another member of the music corps. One by one the remaining members, summoned by telephone and cab, arrived, until at last the band was complete. The ball which was thus rehearsed proved a brilliant success, and the Emperor expressed his utmost satisfaction with the arrangements. Apart from the dancers, the Diplomatic Corps lent one of its most picturesque features to the State Ball-room. It included an unusual proportion of "exotic figures." There was a lady whose complexion was of a very profound brown, and a woolly-headed negro. But the most attractive of all was the Chinese Minister with his two Councillors of Legation in their national costumes. His Excellency, who wore the "yellow riding-jacket," has surprised Berliners on more than one occasion. He was in Peking at the time of the foreign occupation, and, walking the streets one day, he heard a German trooper address him in terms of disrespectful abuse. Great was the warrior's astonishment when the Mandarin, whom he had supposed ignorant of the German tongue, turned round and, in broadest Berlin dialect, bade him hold his unruly tongue and begone.

## A CHARMING SUSSEX ESTATE.

East Grinstead may well be congratulated on having at last found a competent and energetic business-man in the person of Mr. W. E. Keymer, of Old Charlton, the owner of the Coombe Hill Estate, who, in a beautifully illustrated brochure we have just received, sets out the residential advantages of this old-world spot in a manner which must strongly commend itself to those in search of a charming country residence within easy reach of town. The owner offers many attractions, not the least being the magnificent woodlands, with their sporting rights reserved to residents. Over eighty acres of these woodlands have been laid out in three distinct parks, with rustic bridges, seats, tea-houses, ornamental waters, and miles of shady walks and drives. East Grinstead has long been famous for the beauty of its scenery, the pureness of the air, and the lowness of its death-rate, but it has been reserved for Mr. Keymer to lay out Coombe Hill in such a manner as to offer intending purchasers a sound financial investment as well as an ideal residence in a locality which is as healthy and bracing as it is lovely and picturesque. Mr. M. P. Howard, the Resident Secretary on the Coombe Hill Estate, will forward a copy of the brochure to all applicants.



TEA-HOUSE AND WOODLAND AVENUE, DUNNING'S WOOD, COOMBE HILL ESTATE.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 28.*

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE COMMITTEE CONTEST.

ONCE every now and then, the ordinary member of the Stock Exchange wakes up to the fact that he has a voice in the selection of those who have the management of his House affairs. Every Committee election does not awaken this feeling, but, whenever a debatable issue and the annual poll happen to occur about the same time, the broker or jobber may go so far out of his usual course of procedure as to descend into the lower regions of the House and record his vote for his particular friends. After all is said and done, the choice of the Stock Exchange Committee is largely dependent upon the personal popularity of the candidates. Of course, each of them has a "platform," as the Yankees say, and each of them has a circle of friends that are fairly well agreed upon the planks which make the platform. The success or defeat of the candidate rests a good deal upon the width of the friendly circle, and upon the amount of vigour which his supporters put into their asseverations that their friend is a "jolly good man." Vagueness in the Stock Exchange covers a multitude of virtues, but, when once the noble thirty are elected this week, they will find themselves face to face with very definite work.

## THE YANKEE POSITION.

With bulls and bears struggling mightily on the floor of the Wall Street Stock Exchange, there is very little chance for the speculator on this side to make money out of the exercise of his judgment. Careful inquiry in the market on this side tends to show that the British gambler has been getting more and more quit of his Americans for months past, and now the situation in Shorter's Court is thoroughly healthy so far as this country is concerned. Dealers who ought to know declare that the position is fairly well balanced between the operators on the long side and those on the short, so that, whatever happens, the balance will come about level in the wash, as the House says. It is worth noting that the prices of American Bonds have declined very little during the last collapse in Yankees, and occasion may be taken to suggest that the present time affords an excellent opportunity for exchanging one's investments in these securities for others which have more chance of increase in value, besides offering just as sound a channel for the money.

## AMERICAN RAILWAY BONDS.

As is well known, the average American Bond, taking the gilt and silver-edged together, yields about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and it may be concluded that the Bonds will not be bought at a price which would make them return less than they do now. On the other hand, there are sound reasons which may be advanced to show that a decline in the price of these stocks is quite probable. During the last two years, American Railways have had a time of bounding prosperity; needless to say, the cycle of lean years must come in the ordinary course, even as it has done in the case of our own Railways. Labour difficulties, such as our lines have had to contend with during the last decade, are almost unknown in the United States. Strikes, of course, there have been and there are; but, while the lines are doing so well, the men

can reckon upon getting any reasonable concession they like to demand. This, however, cannot go on eternally, and, when the rainy days come, then will the hydra-headed spectre of labour trouble begin to make its force really felt. The subject is an alluring one, but the space at our disposal forbids further treatment of it for the moment, but we would leave the suggestion that the prices of American Bonds, if not too high now, are certainly quite high enough, and that the course of the market in the future is more likely to retrograde than it is to advance.

## COPPER AND COPPER SHARES.

Manipulation in the Metal Market, if, perhaps, not quite so simple an affair as a similar operation in the Stock Exchange, works most easily where the price of copper is concerned. Thanks to a kind of corner, the Copper quotation has been lifted high over that at

which it stood when the current year began, and with the rise in the metal has come a corresponding appreciation amongst Copper shares in general, Rio Tintos, as usual, forming the chief leader in the game. Dangerous as it is to be out of these inter-Bourse favourites, the holder for a further rise should take counsel with himself and seriously consider whether it is not time for somebody else to hold the baby. As gambling counters, Rio shares are as good as anything that can be found in the list of Americans, but, unless the speculator is in closest touch with the Metal and the share markets alike, he will find himself helplessly outpaced by those who are in a position to obtain information from primary sources. As to Anacondas, their price is ruled largely by the vagaries of the Yankee section, and if, dear reader, you can pierce the latter, then may you prophesy as regards the other. Many of the lesser-priced Copper shares have already advanced considerably by reason of the rise in the metal, and the old difficulty of finding a close market in these descriptions—take Namaquas or Copiapo as instances—is doubly emphasised now that dealers are obliged to take greater risks of the prices moving against them. Of the gambles which the Copper jump has brought to light, mention may again be made of Lloyd shares, the price of which is about 12s. The Company is doing well after passing through a long period of adversity, and, if the price of copper continues at anything, say, over £60 per ton, the

shares should gradually rise to between fifteen shillings and a pound.

## OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

We are able to give this week our Johannesburg Correspondent's view of the Barnato mines, and, as our readers will see, he does not think much of them as mining propositions. The Barnatos were conjurers, ever since the days when the late-lamented "Barney" juggled with uncut diamonds at Kimberley, and struggled with Cecil Rhodes for the control of the diamond industry. We recommend our readers to consider seriously our Correspondent's estimate of the Coronation Syndicate, whose shares are about to be split to help the public to take a hand in the gamble.

## THE BARNATO GROUP OF MINES.

In passing from the Beit group of mines to that controlled by the Barnatos, we enter a different world. Beit's list of mines includes the best in the country and a very small percentage of failures. The Barnato mines have been mostly failures. Several of them have, indeed, paid occasional dividends, but, had the legitimate



IN THE CITY.

FIRST FINANCIER: Oh, Ikey! Wot a losly tie-pin! Vere did you get it?

SECOND FINANCIER: Vell, you see, ven Moses died he left me £500 to erect a stone to his memory. Dis is der stone!

DRAWN BY E. JARRETT.



profits from mining been solely relied upon, these dividends would have been fewer. With the exception of the New Primrose, Ginsberg, and Glencairn, there is not a Barnato mining venture which is not a gamble pure and simple. I exclude the Ferreira Deep, because, although the Barnatos have a considerable interest in this excellent property, the control and the majority of the shares are in the hands of Beit's Rand Mines. The investor who follows Beit buys into the Robinson, Bonanza, Rand Mines, New Heriot, Henry Nourse, or one of the numerous deep-level subsidiaries, in the well-founded belief that he will receive a substantial return on his investment. Barnatos' followers buy for a gamble in the market; sometimes they make money, and very often they get left with very worthless shares.

The Barnatos have always had the art of knowing how to boom their shares in a favourable market, hence their popularity with many market operators. Conversely, no other group of mining ventures have slumped so mercilessly in bad times. The terrible fall in many Barnato shares in the bad period following 1895 cost the firm much of its popularity, which has been only partially regained quite recently. Operators who have cause to remember the Barnato Bank, Buffelsdoorn, Pleiades, Langlaagte Royal, Heidelberg-Roodepoort, New Rietfontein, Goldfields of Lydenburg, and other concerns in which so much money was lost by the public, will probably think twice before they put their money into new and attractive ventures like Coronations, which are put forward to-day with all the old smartness and knowledge of speculative human nature.

To Mr. Carl Hanau, the Johannesburg Manager of Messrs. Barnato Brothers, is due the credit of discovering the value of the so-called Coronation Reef as a market proposition. Prospectors and small capitalists had been pottering about the district since 1895, but it was left to Mr. Hanau, when he came back from Europe in 1901, eager for fresh worlds to conquer, to propound the dazzling idea that here was twenty-odd miles of reef-series, the veritable extension of the Rand Main Reef; or, otherwise, here was a new Rand as extensive and rich as the old. It must be confessed that there have never been brought forward any but the flimsiest arguments for establishing Mr. Hanau's optimistic estimate of the value of the Coronation Reef, but meanwhile the market price of the Syndicate's £100 shares has been run up to the neighbourhood of £3000, and Mr. Hanau, interviewed the other day in London by the *Westminster Gazette*, was brave enough to express the opinion that to-day's price, high as it seems, was possibly only a small fraction of the market value that would be ultimately attained by the shares.

Mr. Hanau is a notorious optimist, and his optimism has before now not infrequently led his judgment astray. The Heidelberg district, in which this Coronation Reef is located, is eminently one of broken reefs and broken reputations, and it is just possible that this new reef will only confirm the old story. The Rietbult end of the reef is near enough to the Heidelberg-Roodepoort for the latter property also to be claimed as Coronation Reef by the astute sponsors of the Syndicate, if it suited their purpose to do so, and investors who wish to know something of the character of the district cannot do better than read up the history of this unfortunate Barnato mine. Who does not remember the glowing report upon the property by Mr. Starr, the Barnato expert at the time, issued in August 1895, when the boom was at its height, and when the shares of this Company stood in the neighbourhood of 60s.? The following year the mill was started, and never was there such a fiasco, unless it was at the Buffelsdoorn, another Barnato affair. The shares of the former Company fell from 60s. to half-a-crown, Buffelsdoorn tumbled from £9 10s. to five shillings—Barnato concerns both! It is well to ponder over these things when the Stock Exchange imagination is again being fired with visions of Coronation Reefs and 7 oz. to the ton. Mr. Starr was as firm a believer in Heidelberg-Roodepoort in 1895 as Mr. Carl Hanau is in the Coronation Reef to-day, and, as for Buffelsdoorn, I once had the pleasure of going over the mine with the former gentleman, and I know how sincerely he believed in turning it into a success; yet, we have seen, it was a hideous failure, and the Stock Exchange to-day shudders at the very name.

Other Barnato concerns which it is hardly necessary to dwell upon are the Balmoral, New Spes Bona, New Unified, New Croesus, Roodepoort, and the three Rietfonteins. The first-named, like so many similar Companies, is deeply in debt. Its mill has lately been leased to the Witwatersrand Deep, and the ultimate destiny of the Company is uncertain. The New Spes Bona is a small, poor mine which ought to be disposed of to one of its neighbours. The New Unified, New Croesus, and Roodepoort are all in the country between Langlaagte and the rich portion of the Roodepoort district, and while, under improved conditions, each of these mines might possibly pay its way, no one of them will ever become a first-rate mining proposition. The Rietfontein or Du Preez Reef, on which three Barnato concerns are now at work (all parcelled off the original New Rietfontein Estate), is undoubtedly rich in places, but the reef, as a whole, is so broken, faulted, and dislocated that no reliable estimate can be put upon its value as a mining investment.

It is only necessary to say a few words about the Barnato Consolidated Mines. The Company owns ground and interests of very varying value in different parts of the country, but chiefly on the Rand. Its principal asset is a large holding in the Ferreira Deep. The very most was made of the position and prospects of the Company at the annual meeting last March, but the extremely sanguine forecast made on that occasion by Mr. Carl Hanau has not, so far, been realised. There is reason to believe that the public have been left with large parcels of the shares at about 80s. and over, and only in a very mad boom are the prices of the first half of last year likely to be exceeded.

Saturday, March 14, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

CORINTIAN.—The price is 12s. 6d. for Ordinary shares and 14s. 6d. for Preference. The year has, up to the present, been a good one, we hear, so far as the English business is concerned, but there has been very little Indian business. The dividend will probably be the same as last year. If you buy, we advise you to go in for Preference shares, but the trade is a fluctuating one.

CORNUBIAN.—All three of the Industrials selected by you are good, sound concerns, especially Sanitas. We think *Lady's Pictorial* Preference, Val de Travers, Asphalt, Hovis Bread, or Law Debenture Ordinary might suit you.

ANGRY.—We will deal with your letter next week in our Notes. Like most people, you have no idea of the functions of Governments, or their power for good or evil.

E. P. B.—The Lottery Bonds seem to have a strange attraction for many people. The price asked by these Paris touts is above the proper quotation, and the chances of a prize are so small that you would do far better to invest your money at reasonable interest, and spend the income in an Insurance maturing in ten, fifteen, or twenty years.

E. B. B.—We do not know the firm in question, but nearly all outside dealers are unreliable.

C. Z.—The merits of the property you name are not very self-evident.

AURIGA.—(1) The Hotel shares have come down because of the increasing of competition, but the dividend is fairly safe. There is no need for alarm. (2 and 3) We have the most supreme distrust of these Companies and everything connected with them. Get out.

H. A. J. A. H.—(1) Our statement about Sons of Gwalia was based on reliable information. The Company has been in debt, and, instead of paying away profits, it has wiped off £65,000 in the last fourteen months and is now clear, with £12,000 in hand. (2 and 3) We will make inquiries and answer you next week.

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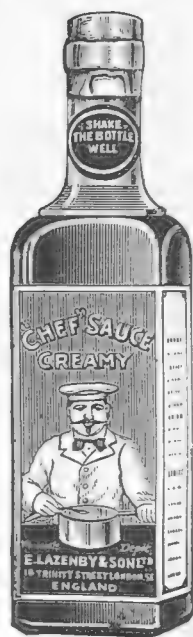
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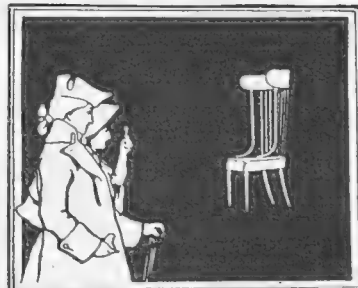
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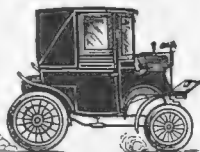
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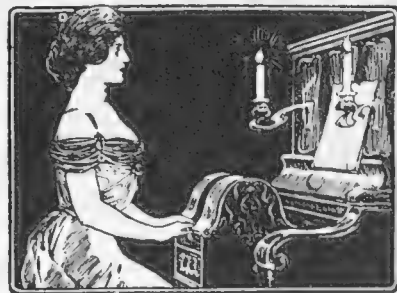


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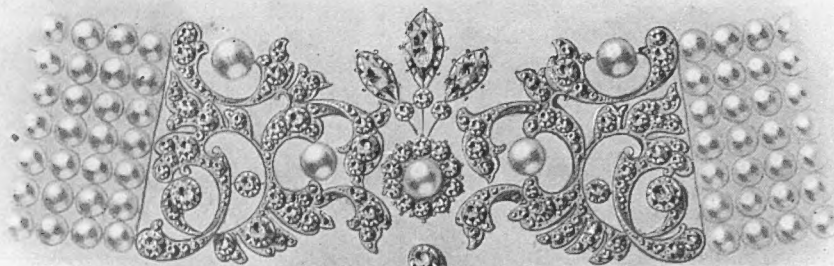


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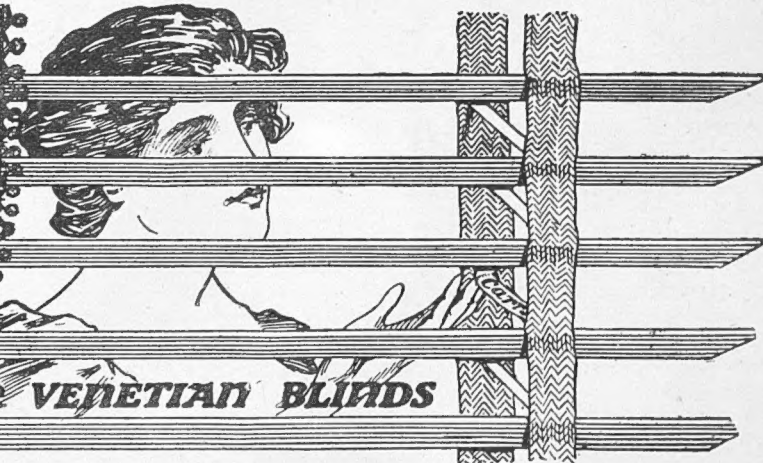
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